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JANUARY 24, 1965

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Next week

THE NO 2 MAN on the Chicago Black Hawks is trying harder than ever this year to keep his team No. 1 in the league standings, as well as a favorite for the Stanley Cup.

LABRADOR SMOKY is the new national field-trail champion. A photo essay shows him in exciting action and explains how Trainer Cotton Pershall brought him to the top.

A FAMILY OF NOVICES goes to the mountains to find out what all the ski noise is about and discovers that most of its members are either too little or too late. By Jack Olsen.

SCORECARD

WHO'S BEEN READING MY PLAYBOOK?

For those who might have wondered why Papa Bear was making such a splash in the porridge about Defensive Coach George Allen's defection to the Rams, an examination of George Halas' legal action against Los Angeles is helpful.

Halas, it appears, is not solely concerned with losing the knowledge, skill and team spirit Allen had acquired through his association with the Bears. More specifically, he asserts that Allen has in his possession "the Bears Defense Manual Number Two, the Bears Defense Textbook Number Two, and numerous motion picture films of plays." Allen, in other words, can jump his contract and go coach any Peewee League team he wants, but those classroom aids are not going to leave the state of Illinois without a court fight.

Halas' complaint is particularly interesting in view of the long-standing rumor that Allen—who coached defense for the Rams before coming to the Bears—was hired by Halas largely because of the information he could bring from L.A. In fact, one Chicago reporter, during a visit to Bear offices, noticed one playbook marked with Ram identification and another identified as Billy Wade's Los Angeles plays.

LEMONS AND ICE

Memphis State and Oklahoma City U., which have the kind of basketball rivalry that brings to mind the Punic Wars, had not played for several seasons. That was about how long it took to stanch the bleeding. Recently, however, the two again met at Memphis, with predictable results.

Oklahoma City Coach Abe Lemons, usually noted for his Will Rogers disposition, drew three technical fouls for raging at the officiating. A Memphis fan was ejected for throwing ice at the enemy bench. Players exchanged a number of nasty names. After the game Lemons stepped briefly into the Memphis team bus to warn the Tigers never to show

their faces in Oklahoma City. As for himself, he said, he would never return to Memphis with anything except his B scam.

Still and all, it did not compare with previous years. Lemons once chased a Memphis fan into the stands, and one year an Oklahoma City follower became enraged at the Memphis State broadcaster's version of events. He assaulted the announcer on the spot, leaving the radio audience fascinated by mysterious grunts and scuffling sounds.

PITCHERS FOR TODAY'S DANE

Johnny Sain of the Minnesota Twins, regarded by many as the best pitching coach in baseball, says the time isn't far off when major league games will be worked by three three-inning pitchers. "It's a lot easier to find six three-inning pitchers than it is to find two who can go nine regularly," says Sain. "Even now, if a pitcher has a five-run lead in the seventh and has allowed only three or four hits, no manager will hesitate to pull him between innings if he looks to be losing his edge. There's always someone in the bullpen who can be strong for the last three."

Think what that will do to bettors. Shoot, think what it will do to bettors. Can't you see the daily betting line now? If Grant-Pascual-Stigman, 6-5; if Grant-Kast-Worthington, 11-10; if Grant-Merritt-Perry, 13-10; if...

FOR THE BIRDS

Phillip Brown recently was appointed the new editor of *Shooting Times*, an English hunting magazine.

For the previous 17 years, Mr. Brown had been employed by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

MAKE THEM PLAY

Heads snapped up around the banquet table at Spring Branch (Texas) High School when after-dinner speaker Geese Stallings suggested making athletics compulsory.

"I hear a mama tell me she wants her son to play football, but she doesn't want to make him play," the Texas A&M coach told his startled audience. "Well, I don't agree with that. I think he ought to be made to play. Kids don't like to go to school, but we make them, because education is good for them. Athletics is good for them, too. It doesn't have to be football, but a boy should compete in something, because athletics is just about the last place left where discipline is taught."

REFORM

Missouri's professional wrestlers, the state sports commission has decreed, will in future conduct themselves with more decorum. Under the commissioners' reform, participants henceforth will not be allowed to: wrestle in the aisles, hurl opponents from the ring, carry or wear into the ring any object to be used as a gouge or bludgeon, or hammer an opponent's head against the metal ring posts.

The commission acted under special urging by Commissioner Mike Cleek of Columbus because things seemed to be getting a bit out of hand. Cleek happened to be present in Kansas City when



the Mongolian Stomper, William Romanoff, appeared to bite Cowboy Bob Ellis squarely in the middle of the forehead. Cleek decided that this was a breach of taste and ordered the exhibition halted—an end accomplished only by the intervention of 10 policemen.

Cleek was also present in St. Louis when Duck the Bruiser Affis, up against

continued

Bohny Managoff, abruptly departed the ring and overturned the table at which Cleek was sitting. "It fell on my foot," Cleek complained later. The Bruiser then wrenched a leg off the table and went after Managoff, who wrestled it away. The Bruiser thereupon resumed the fray with two chairs.

The commission threw pro wrestling's book at the Bruiser. It fined him \$25.

PUPPY OGG TALK

What can a coach say when his team, undefeated in 22 straight games, gets beaten in a big bowl game by a team few thought should have been in the bowl in the first place? Well, if he is Arkansas' Frank Broyles, he can quote the letters he has been receiving.

"The Razorbacks are the best thing that ever happened to Arkansas," one young correspondent assured Broyles, "and without you it would hardly have been possible, although I'm sure the players helped."

"I had so much confidence in you and the team," wrote a 12-year-old girl, "I bet my Barbie Doll Dream House which I got for Christmas. I started crying after the game was over. The person I bet said she wouldn't take it. That helped, but I was crying thinking of Bobby Crockett, Bobby Burnett, Jon Brittenum, you and the rest of the team, all disappointed maybe more than I was."

Along with the heartwarmers came one gift for the banquet circuit, from an 11-year-old Dallas boy: "I think you goofed, really goofed, when you let LSU win. I was very mad. Very. I was and still am a loyal fan of yours but let's see some winning."

SINGLE-POLE SLALOM

For years French National Ski Coach Honoré Bonnet has dreamed of a simplified, single-pole slalom. Last week the world's best women skiers tried out his idea at Grindelwald in the Swiss Alps. They zigged to the left of 23 blue poles and zagged to the right of 23 red poles. Afterward, their reactions zagged too. "Merveilleux, formidable," cried Marcell Gotschel, who won. "No good," said Nancy Greene, who finished second. "Much too easy."

Austria's Edith Zimmermann liked it and didn't like it. "It's more elegant and harmonious," she said. "You can attack. But the course wasn't difficult enough."

"I deliberately made it easy the first time," Bonnet replied. He added that the single-pole slalom "opens the way to the parallel slalom where two competitors race down two identical courses. They won't be racing against the clock but against each other, and that will be infinitely more exciting for spectators."

U.S. Coach Bob Beattie, though doubting that absolutely identical parallel slaloms would ever be possible, sounded the proper note of cautious approval of M. Bonnet's experiment. "Skiing is such a new sport," he said, "that we shouldn't be bogged down by tradition."

RAID IMPRESSION

Tests conducted by the U.S. Golf Association prove conclusively that golf shoe spikes with recessed flanges cause far less damage to greens than normal spikes. "The flange is usually blamed by agronomists for causing undue compaction of the soil," says the USGA.

This discovery is doubtless significant, but we are more taken with one of the USGA's supporting statistics. The average golf shoe has 12 spikes, and the USGA has computed that a player averages 28 paces per green, 28 paces times 24 spikes means 672 impressions; 672 impressions times 18 greens equals 12,096 impressions per round per player. Assuming 200 rounds are played each day on a course, the greens receive 2,419,200 impressions daily—or more than 72 million holes each month. And you wonder why you can't sink a putt.

OMPHALOS

Capital University of Columbus, Ohio was playing Ohio Wesleyan when Capital sophomore Tom Koehler got jarred loose from his contact lens. Teammate Gary Walters had fouled a Wesleyan opponent, and both had come crashing into the unfortunate Koehler. All 10 players and both benches staged the usual floating-crap-game charade on hands and knees. They crept from one end of the floor to the other, but the lens was not found, and the disappointed Koehler was led to the bench. After the game, as teammate Walters contemplated the affair in the Capital shower room, Koehler's missing lens turned up—snuggly fixed in Walters' navel.

FOUNTAINHEAD

Surfing enthusiasm on the Atlantic coast has been growing steadily, which is more than can be said for the size of the breakers. Recently a band of youthful surfers

in Charleston, S.C. got together, formed a club and then cast about for a name. Almost at once they came up with the ideal one. They call the club West Coast East.

OH, OH, IT'S 00585

This very minute 00585 may be lurking at the bottom of New York Harbor or sidling next to a Russian submarine off the Massachusetts coast. On the other hand, he may be flopping around in the bottom of a boat, for 00585 is a striped bass, caught recently in New York's Hudson River, tagged and released.

Tagging fish is old hat to biologists but, thanks to the American Littoral Society, an organization of amateur and professional naturalists, anglers can now aid in migration and growth studies. For \$1, the society sells a kit consisting of five individually numbered plastic "spaghetti" tags, five postcards on which to record pertinent data on each fish tagged, and a tagging needle. All a fisherman has to do is catch a fish, measure it, tag it through the back, release it, mail the card to the society in Highlands, N.J., and then sit back and wait. When another fisherman catches the fish, he removes the tag, which has the society's address on it, and mails it off.

Fishermen who are not interested in taking home their catch are especially enthused about tagging. "I just don't like to fish anymore without tags," says Dom Pirone of Mount Vernon, N.Y., who already has had returns on some of the 108 striped bass he tagged in Long Island Sound last summer. Stanley Maselhas of New Britain, Conn. tagged four stripers off Nantucket Island in October 1964, and three have since been caught, two of them almost 200 miles away, off New York and New Jersey.

THEY SAID IT

- Pete Rose, of the Cincinnati Reds, when asked if he thought he would hit .300 again in 1966. "I read that Warren Spahn has retired and Bob Friend was traded to the other league. I hit 11 for 14 against Spahn and 9 for 14 against Friend. I'm down to .290 already."

- Conductor Richard Harris, of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, after presenting a program of Brahms, Mussorgsky, Kabalevsky and Prokofiev between games of a pro basketball doubleheader at Baltimore's civic center: "I tried to pick a robust program for an extraverted audience. We're much more severe at the Peabody."

END



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As Era of Exurgence, War and Glories



Rubens' lush allegory on canvas opens the book: "Reception of Marie de' Medici at Barbes at Marseilles."

This huge oil by Pannini depicts King Charles of Bourbon visiting Pope Benedict XIII.



A guide to the recordings: a Bach performance, conductor Otto Klemperer, the Handel memorial statue.

Domènec Scarlatti in his only known portrait. He studied at Venice and was moved to Genoa, near Lisbon.



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The Twentieth Century
Debussy, Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Gershwin, Shostakovich...

THE YEAR OF BILLY

Up in a tiny crease of the Swiss Alps at a place called Wengen, where the Jungfrau and the Eiger have been staring each other down for centuries, the officials of the Lauberhorn ski races decided early last week that they would promote some special fun a couple of days before their famed Alpine events. The fun would be a 100-foot jump for the racers. A what? In the sport of skiing, racers do not jump, and jumpers do not race down mountains. The officials thought reversing the roles would be very entertaining for the hordes of British tourists who swarm into the uers of old palatial hotels and make Wengen a sort of low-rent St. Moritz. Naturally, the Americans did not enter for fear of injury (it usually is difficult enough for them to keep from falling down just going through slalom poles). But the French, of course, did enter, because they have Jean-Claude Killy, a prankster as well as a splendid racer, and everyone knows the French are goofy anyhow. So, when Killy made his nonsensical jump he wore his number tied around his neck and his socks pulled up outside his boots. In the midst of the jump, to the absolute horror of both the officials and the British tourists, Killy dropped his stretch pants down to his knees, revealing his bare legs and undershorts.

As it turned out, this single act epitomized the whole Lauberhorn week, for when the meet ended Sunday most of the favorites seemed to have been caught with their pants down, especially America's Billy Kidd, who, until Sunday, was in the process of knocking everyone off the Alps for the third week in a row.

Last weekend Kidd began doing at Wengen what he had done previously in Hindelang and Adelboden—crushing the Europeans. Killy included, in Alpine racing, their own private sport for years. On Saturday Kidd was a creditable

continued



THE KIDD

In 1964-65 Billy Kidd had a disastrous season. Now he is sweeping European racers off the Alps and dueling Jean-Claude Killy for world supremacy by **DAN JENKINS**



Kidd was a paragon of coiled, technical perfection as he defeated all competitors in the Adelboden giant slalom, ordinarily Killy's best event.

11th in the Lauberhorn downhill (Killy was 15th). Austria's Karl Schranz won it, wearing a secret weapon: an experimental wind-resistant black-plastic suit. Fifty of the 93 racers beat the old course record of this classic European downhill.

The slalom, however, is Kidd's best event, and his good showing in the downhill put him in an excellent position to win the combined championship. He had beaten the Europeans soundly at Adelboden, and through the first run of the slalom he was histering them again. He flowed down this twisting, shady course almost two seconds faster than anyone—and five seconds faster than Killy—and needed merely to stand up in the second run to take both the slalom and combined.

Kidd's victory was so thoroughly expected that dozens of spectators had drifted away, and many present were beginning to yawn and pester the hot-chocolate concessions. The racers before him, including Killy, had simply not gone fast enough to force him into anything but a cool, steady run of ordinary time in order to win. Now here he came. He was flowing again, well in control, in and out of the gates like a man fastened to the slope and being led to victory by an invisible tow rope. The big clock at the finish banner showed him far ahead and, finally, he was only eight or so gates from the bottom, a mere 60 yards, when it happened.

Somehow, probably for a flukish reason that he will never be able to explain and because things never come easy for Americans in skiing, he skidded past a gate. It was not a fall, just a skid, but it was enough to blow it all. Kidd had to step back through the gate, and the loss in time was a devastating nine seconds—the difference between a monumental American first and 18th place, where he eventually wound up.

"I was just being too cautious," said Kidd, gloomily, later. "It was an error in calculation or something. When something like that happens, it's usually because you're taking chances. Here I was cooling it, and it happened. I just sat back, or—well, I don't know."

Oddly enough, the disappointment of the Americans in the Lauberhorn was both greater and smaller than that suffered last year when the Europeans came to the U.S. and defeated them laughingly. At that time the feeling was that Kidd really would have been stealing

something if he had won. But not now. In the two weeks preceding the Lauberhorn, in his duels with Jean-Claude Killy, Kidd had established himself as a racer of true talent. He was, in fact, the favorite at Wengen. And even after the slalom was over, the surprised winner, Guy Périllat, the Frenchman who seems to have been racing forever, consoled Billy with the fact that he (Kidd) deserved to have won.

"It's a different feeling to realize you lost on a fluke rather than because you're not as good," said U.S. Coach Bob Beattie. "Kidd is right up there with them now, one of the greatest, and when he loses it's an upset, of all things."

Fortunately, this is the longest ski season ever, and Kidd and Killy have plenty of time for more duels. Having started just after the first of the year, the season will continue, for most racers, straight through the world championships (FIS) in Portillo, Chile, in August, which may be the silliest date ever set for an event so important. For the Americans, there actually will be two seasons. They will compete in Europe through next week's Hahnenkamm in Kitzbühel, Austria and in the Grand Prix de Megève, then they will come home for the U.S. Alpine championships at Stowe, Vt. and the American International team races at Sun Valley, as well as a few lesser things. They will then recess until June, when Beattie packs them off to South America to try to recapture their form, particularly Kidd's present form, in a series of summer races prior to the FIS.

The instant the 1966 season began it had all of the earmarks of a two-man personal duel between Kidd, who was—let's be honest—a flop in 1965 after winning a second place in the Olympic slalom of 1964, and Killy, who was clearly the world's best racer last year.

The first major race was in Hindelang, a remote Bavarian village. Kidd liked it immediately. For one thing, he thought the rather shallow hills resembled Vermont, his home. For another, Hindelang was the place where he had won a third in slalom prior to the last Olympics. He liked it even more after he had raced there again.

Kidd, with two subtle, smooth runs, won the Hindelang slalom by two seconds. Killy, who had the fastest first run, did nearly what Kidd did at Wengen. He crashed five gates from the finish in the second run when a binding came loose.

But the clock showed that he could not have beaten Kidd anyway. With his seventh-place finish in the giant slalom the day before, Kidd also proved to be the best combined racer at Hindelang. It was the first American victory over the strong Europeans since Jimmy Heuga, a good seventh at Wengen, won the Kandahar combined following the last Olympics and one of a precious few ever.

"Funny feeling," smiled Bob Beattie, who always talks about winning but finds doing it extremely hard. "This could be the start of something."

It was. The gypsy skiers, almost 100 of them, moved on to Adelboden in Switzerland, just a couple of blazing white peaks away from Wengen. This was a special giant slalom meet of two days, one G.S. a day, and of more than routine interest because it has always been Killy's best event. In one spurt during late 1964 Killy won two consecutive giant slaloms.

Adelboden provided brilliant, sunny weather, although the slopes were cold and a bit icy. Picturesque, small and friendly, Adelboden again was a place Kidd and the Americans liked—the food was exquisite and the shop girls were even more so. Nothing, however, was as exquisite as Kidd on his skis.

Killy won the first race by 1.04 seconds over Kidd, a speedy runner-up in a finish that would have made almost any American ski enthusiast delirious a year ago. "Kidd's in the groove," said Beattie, "and this is his kind of slope. He might just swamp 'em tomorrow." Swamp was an appropriate word for it. Kidd's second race was super, perhaps his best to date. He was poised, coiled and perfect as he bested his rivals by two seconds. Struggling to overtake him, the more daring, explosive and acrobatic Killy was skating out of a gate halfway down the course when he suddenly did an awkward split, hung a tip on a gate pole, came out of the ski and dived into the snow, finished. For the two races combined, Kidd was better than anyone by 1.3 seconds.

It was time now for the European press to go mad. "One must admit, at this point," said Serge Lang of *L'Equipe*, the French sports daily, "that Billy Kidd is the best ski racer in the world. From now on, Kidd is the man to beat."

The people of Wengen had certainly kept up with things and appeared to agree. They knew that Kidd had won two

races and two combines, and that Killy had won only once and had fallen twice. They made Kidd the leading celebrity the minute he arrived. When the Americans unspooled from the little railway car that brings you up—straight up—from Lauterbrunnen, Interlaken and points below, baggage men, clerks, hotel porters and waitresses ganged around the station to see him.

"Where is Kidd?" they asked, autograph books thrust forth. "Which one is Billy the Kidd?" There was a lot of *guten Tag, danke, bitte* and *geben Sie*, and that kind of thing. Children followed Kidd as if he were playing a flute, and at night would stand transfixed while he sharpened his edges. Photographers and reporters intruded, frequently during meals, and—almost as if they had parachuted in—American college girls began turning up with long, golden, beat-free hair and an immense amount of free time.

Bob Beattie—no longer in the role of the coach who used to argue, in the face of bitter results, that his young racers were capable—was loose, at ease and happily astonished.

"Unaccustomed as we are to victory speeches . . ." he would smile, and then try to explain why Billy Kidd was beating Jean-Claude Killy. There was no big secret explanation. The two racers are as different now in style and personality as they ever were. Kidd is still the quiet introvert with the perennially uncombed hair, a sort of worrying, concentrating type, who likes Beattie to give him something to think about every day. "If I tell him nothing more than we have to ski down the mountain instead of up, he likes it," says Beattie. Unlike the humble and carefree Killy, Kidd still is one of those athletes who can really do nothing more than ski. He is, frankly, terrible at everything else, from table tennis to soccer. He is not even very good at improvising on skis. For example, Beattie says he still doesn't know how to time a skate through a gate. Rushing down a mountain, nevertheless, with all things normal, he is probably technically better than anyone in the world.

"He was good a year ago," Beattie said at Wengen. "He just didn't win. Now, if anything, he's simply more mature, more experienced, more confident. Maybe he feels less pressure over here, I don't know. He's on different skis, and he likes them better. Maybe that's part of

it. The main thing is he's still working hard, he's confident and he's beginning to psych the Europeans the way they've psyched us for years. When he runs a slalom they all watch, and when he blows one like this he's doing it—no one's beating him."

Kidd agrees with most of this. Now 22 and still a student at the University of Colorado, he looks as if his legs are bigger and, therefore, stronger, but his weight is unchanged: 155.

"The main thing I can say is that last year was important an experience," he said. "I started off well in our own races [he won seven in a row], but then came Vail and the team races and I fell in the second run of the slalom when I thought I was going to win. I could never get back any confidence. But that fall was when I was going all out, trying to come from behind. This time I played dumb and tried to change my rhythm, I guess."

Kidd added, "I really took it easy in the summer at Lake Tahoe. Just forgot about skiing. I was even late for Bob's September camp and out of shape, but I was relaxed and ready to go to work. We had a good program through Christmas, and I feel good and I'm skiing well. The only other thing is, I like these new skis."

Kidd still uses Heads for the downhill and giant slalom hut, like the French, he is now racing on French-made VR 7 Dynamic slalom skis, which are wood wrapped in fiber glass. A layman's eye cannot see any difference in them, but

the side camber is exaggerated—they are broad in the tip, narrow at the boot. "They came out about a year ago,"

Billy said. "They're soft, better on ice and better in ruins, which we've been racing on. They make you feel quicker, whether you are or not. I feel like I can cut quicker on them."

Down in the ski room below the Park Hotel, where the Americans were staying in Wengen and where Billy was hling his VR 7s the night before the slalom, a golden-haired American girl asked Kidd if his new skis were responsible for his success.

"No," said Billy quickly, if not curtly. "I'm winning despite them."

A couple of reporters were near, and Kidd, grinning, thought it best to add, "Killy uses them, too, you know."

Killy, who finished sixth in the Wengen slalom, was more disturbed by Kidd's misfortune than by his own mediocre (for him) performance. "Billy has been skiing fantastically," said Killy. "He has simply been beating me. I thought he should have won today by four seconds. He is going to make us work harder, because he is the best just now."

Jean-Claude added cheerfully, "There are going to be a lot of good races before this year is over."

It's true. And the important thing for American skiing is that Billy Kidd, despite the skid at Wengen, is going to be right in the middle of them, perhaps winning more than his share. Funny feeling, indeed.

END

Killy the Clown and Billy the Kidd, warm friends off the racecourse, chat before Lauterbrunnen



RALPH MILLER OF IOWA: PROPHET OF PRESSURE

by FRANK DEFORD

The confident, commanding Hawkeye basketball coach has made his team the top challenger in the Big Ten by the sheer force of his playing style

Tilting his hat back as is his custom, but with just a touch of the rakishness of those who do that sort of thing in the movies, Ralph Miller prepared to duck into the new family station wagon he had just bought. The color of the wagon was—thank you, Detroit—"Tahoe Turquoise," and it had backseat speakers and a stereo tape player. The dealer had been able to find only one sample tape, which turned out to be a group of twanging selections by Chet Atkins on his electric guitar.

Miller, despite a musical heritage acquired as a boy in Chanute, Kans., persisted in referring to the instrument as a banjo. In Chanute music teachers enjoyed such high prestige that Miller—like every other mother's son in town—was required to battle the violin and the hardone sax for many years, though he was practically tone deaf, before he was permitted to concentrate on sports. Then he quickly became a first-rate high school athlete. He was outstanding in college, later became one of the country's best coaches at Wichita State and now enjoys the same status at Iowa (see cover).

Settled in the station wagon, Miller flipped off Chet Atkins, put a cigarette into his mouth, released the brake and headed out of the auto showroom toward Iowa City. The odometer read: 007. There was significance in that coincidence, as Iowa's rival that night (Northwestern) would discover. For

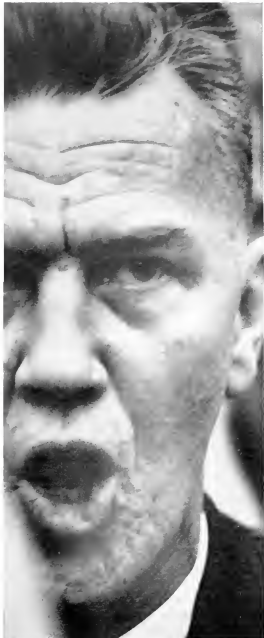
Miller is just about equal parts Chanute and double-0 seven—relaxed and dry-witted in the best small-town way, but as commanding and articulate as any Ian Fleming character.

Miller arrived in Iowa City in March 1964, after a dozen consecutive winning seasons at Wichita State. He picked up a junior college star, Chris Pervall, and a good sophomore, Gerry Jones, but basically the team he inherited was the same slow-styled powerhouse that was 8-15 the year before and 3-11 in the Big Ten. Miller promptly assembled his players and told them they could win with his game of pressure basketball. "I know nothing about any of you now," he said, "but I'll find out all I want to know when practice starts. If I have to change my style to win in the Big Ten, then something is wrong with my style. And," he concluded, a sardonic smile under his crew cut, "I don't think that's true."

His confidence in the pressure game, which features an all-court defense, a fast break and a patterned offense that produces 85% of his team's shots from within 10 feet, is catching—so much so that his players' faith in Miller sometimes brought a victory when the system itself seemed to be failing. Lanny Van Eman, the Iowa freshman coach who

In a time-out huddle Miller transmits strength through his own aggressive self-assurance.





played for Miller at Wichita, recalls a game in his sophomore year. "We were five points behind with only two minutes left, and Ralph called a time-out. We came over to huddle and, as soon as we all got there, he broke into this big smile and said: 'O.K., now we got 'em where we want 'em.' I couldn't believe it, I had to look up at the scoreboard to see if I was playing in the same game. I really did. And there it was—we were five points down with two minutes to go. But he was right. We sure did have 'em. We won going away."

Miller had sensed that one of his pet theories was about to be proved out, as it had been in similar situations. He believes that the pressure game renders an opponent especially vulnerable for a few two- to four-minute stretches in each game. If he can keep his men in relentless pursuit, victory will be won in those brief bursts. With this conviction and his ability to persuade players to accept it, Miller brought Iowa a winning record in his first year there (including a victory over national champion UCLA).

This year, with four starters and the sixth man back, Iowa has a good chance to take the conference title. But even if the Hawkeyes do not win, Miller has succeeded in awakening the Big Ten; the whole league is shining with new styles and disciplines. The most recent example of this revival is Michigan State, where John Bennington—a refugee, like Miller, from the Missouri Valley and one of three new Big Ten coaches—has installed his own tough defensive system and has cut 26 points a game from last year's record. Upsetting preseason estimates, this has put Michigan State squarely into perhaps the closest race in the country. Defending Champion Michigan had a rocky December, but started off league play with its first win over Ohio State at Columbus since 1947, and thus regained its position as the morning-line favorite. Iowa suffered an inexcusable loss to Wisconsin in its conference debut, but remains the top challenger. Nine of the Big Ten coaches

continued

quiver as they await the signal that Ohio State is ready to play up to its potential. Fred Taylor should see to that soon. And Northwestern's juniors, when they settle down to the pattern ball that Coach Larry Glass advocates, may well play back to their high school hotshot form.

Things would be even more complicated if Minnesota had not suffered two grave losses. Don Yates flunked out and Lou Hudson fractured the navicular bone at the base of his right thumb. That probably destroyed the Gophers' chances. But if Hudson can come back and play regularly without a cast on his shooting hand (he had 20 points against Indiana last week while wearing the cast), Minnesota will certainly upset somebody or two.

That upset may be the order of the season because apparent when Wisconsin, figured for the cellar, beat Iowa 69-68. In that game it was the Hawkeyes who endured those short stretches of critical vulnerability. They roared out to a 24-12 lead, but when Center George Peeples—the keystone of the team's defense—went out because of foul trouble, Iowa let Wisconsin get off the floor, and soon even fell behind.

Iowa managed to come back, although still playing poorly. A point down with two seconds to play, the Hawkeyes had Forward Gary Olson on the foul line with two shots. Olson is the team's best free-throw shooter. Four years ago, in the Iowa high school tournament, he sank 23 in one game, a record At Wisconsin he hit the front rim twice.

The loss took on added importance when on the same afternoon Michigan won at Ohio State. The Wolverines are neither as strong nor as deep as they were last year and, as was the case at Columbus, the team requires fresh flights of excellence from Cazzie Russell to win any game. Russell gets help, but seldom from more than one teammate at a time. Against Ohio State, Captain Oliver Darden came through with 25 points.

Michigan took the lead late in the game only after it shifted to a zone—a 1-2-2 which, ironically, the Buckeyes had been working on all week. It has been that way so far for Ohio State; most of the early problems have been solved, but the supposedly sure things have gone sour. Still, the Buckeyes got one lift against Michigan when 6-foot-7 Bill Hosket established himself as the league's

best sophomore, second as an all-round player, some think, only to Russell. An honor student, Hosket is married and a new father, though he has just turned 19. He is a quiet, almost withdrawn young man. On the court, however, he plays with a sturdy confidence, and has become the darling of the home crowds. "He smashed Darden with an elbow," one Big Ten scout says, shaking his head, "and the whole place boos Darden. The referee warns Hosket, they boo the referee. They love him, but then he does everything right." Hosket's specialty is his corner jumper. "That's the first time," said Purdue's new coach, George King, "I ever saw a dunk shot from 30 feet out."

Iowa, after the loss to Wisconsin, returned home to beat Northwestern 70-58, turning a tie game into a rout when the pressure style suddenly took its toll. Miller and his team accepted the victory as just another exercise in their seemingly hectic routine. The players seem to operate on a curious set of premises: a) they really are not very good but b) they are not so bad either and c) their mediocrity should inspire them to beat those who are better. "It's tough to get overconfident," Captain Dennis Pauling says, apparently pleased at the opportunity for self-deprecation, "when a man like Coach Miller keeps telling you that you're not worth a damn. I mean," he adds, qualifying that a bit, "he reads it off—if you don't do this and this and thus, block out and rebound and defense and so on, you'll just never be anything but an average team."

Pauling is the prototype of the kind of player Miller most admires. He gets maybe a couple of baskets a game, is not very fast or especially agile, but he plays defense ferociously. Scared knees are his badge of honor. "For defense," Miller says, "we have borrowed a word from the offense—attack. That's what our defense does, it attacks. Really, our whole game is a package. And the kids have begun to enjoy this. Since all youngsters have a natural pride, you capitalize on that, too. The way a boy plays defense tells you all you need to know about him. It gives you an insight into his character."

On offense, Peeples and Pervall are the leading scorers, but the only non-senior on the starting team, Gerry Jones, a junior forward, may develop into the biggest threat. He went to Carver High School in Chicago, where he played with

Cazzie Russell and big Joe Allen of Bradley. On that team he was just a guy named Jones, hardly permitted to shoot except to loosen up particular zone defenses. Jones had to learn the driving moves he uses now on the playgrounds after school and then discipline himself to forget them in Carver's games.

Iowa got Jones mostly because it really wanted Allen. Allen could not qualify but Jones, tagging along, liked the place and decided to stay. "I felt like Iowa would be good for me," he says. "It was far enough from everything that it would—it certainly should—be easier for me to study. Growing up in a big city like Chicago—well, there are just so many temptations that people out here are not even aware of. But having gone through that, I think I'm a better man for it."

Though Jones was the only player hitting at all in the Wisconsin game, Miller yanked him when his defense fell off and he was repeatedly back-decorated. Miller starts his best five defensive players. Some shooters never get off the bench. "In our offense," he says, "the prime objective is for a player to get a teammate a shot. It may look like free lance, but it begins completely patterned, and then we key off the defense. We are not concerned with floor balance or continuity—if we're unbalanced, so are they. But we are, really, as patterned as anybody, even as much as Henry Ha's teams. The only difference is that I let the boy decide whether or not to take a shot. The object of coaching in basketball is to make the game wind up as completely automatic reflex action on the part of the players."

Miller's success at Iowa has revived interest all over the state, and full houses are commonplace for the first time in years. Sectional pride runs high in Iowa City, westernmost outpost of the Big Ten. There, now, one finds all the modern urban Midwest trappings—whiskey by the drink, Holiday Inns, Colonel Harland Sanders' quick ready-to-go fried chicken—but Iowa really has more kinship with the sparsely settled plains states about it. Thus, in the battles against big schools to the east, most Iowans wear a "shucks, we're only No. 10" air. This attitude is not just a result of geography, however. Miller recalls that a couple of years ago there were 58 high school seniors playing basketball in Chicago who were 6 feet 6 or over, but nary a one in



With an Ohio State defender clinging to him, unheralded John Bailey of Michigan State gets off one of the shots that brought him 24 points and his team a easy victory, and finally established the Spartans as Big Ten contenders. A sophomore, Bailey even surprised his own coach.

the whole dang Hawkeye State. He has had plenty of practice in going east for players, from the days when he was making Wichita a national power.

Over the years he has taken as many as 14 out of little McKeesport, Pa. "Funny," he says, "kids from the East are usually first of all just impressed with the bluesky out here." ("And the friendly people," adds Pervall, from Newark. "When I first showed up at Coffeyville Junior College in Kansas, I could hardly believe it. You'd just walk down the street, and everyone would start waving at you and saying hello and carrying on. The towns out here are all so different. People care more about their own. Back home all the towns adjoin.")

Leaving Wichita was not easy for Miller, but neither was it a precipitous decision. Miller and his wife, Jean—they have four children, ranging in age all the way from 6 to 21—had often discussed possible moves. "I've heard the thought expressed that at 45 or so a coach begins to lose rapport with his players," he says, "and, of course, I've begun to look

for such symptoms in myself. But so far I haven't seen any. If anything, kids are easier for me to get along with now. They're smarter.

"I could have been an athletic director, but I just never wanted it. That's sort of the mode of life now, looking for security, but I still want to be out there with the youngsters. I was 45 when the Iowa offer came. It was a watershed year. I had been around basketball for 20 years, and I had about 20 years ahead of me. A man at that point needs a new challenge. If not, you can get too secure—and pretty soon things pass you by."

Miller's consideration of options in his profession does not, however, include alternatives to pressure basketball—his basketball. "I am completely positive with regard to my own team," he says. "I will not adjust to my opponent. We've got a better chance by making him play with us. We are the ones who cause ourselves trouble. At Wisconsin, for instance, we lost on the defensive boards, not because Gary Olson just happened

to miss two free throws with two seconds left. You don't lose games on account of shooting. There are only three ways you lose: your defense breaks down, your defensive rebounding breaks down or you give up too many balls on turnovers. It's really a very simple game."

If Miller is right, the only remaining question seems to be whether he can persuade his players that they really are mediocre enough to win. "The bad football season here made it tough for us," he says. "Everyone got anxious for basketball too soon. The players were getting little pats on the back even before we started practicing. That scared me. They were getting a little taste of it. So maybe losing a couple helped. Maybe they know now they don't have any friends out on the basketball court."

He paused. It was time to go home and take a nap before the Northwestern game. Miller sleeps very well, before and after games. A man must sleep well if he can make a big move at 45 and feel sure enough of himself not to change anything he's doing.

END



A WILD RIDE IN THE ROCKIES

by **ROBERT CANTWELL**

Twenty-five snowmobile drivers journeyed from Vail to Aspen the hard way—across country. They found that a scooter on skis through the highest and roughest terrain in the U.S. is exhilarating, exhausting—and cold

The trip began at 6 o'clock on a morning so cold the temperature appeared to be visible. You could see particles of cold glinting in the floodlight in front of The Lodge at Vail, and big chunks of cold in the shape of dark mountains all around, and overhead a limitless expanse of cold in a dull, gray-brown sky. Nothing, however, looked quite as cold as the 25 snowmobiles that were to take their drivers (us!) over the mountains and which were lined up at the summit of Vail Pass, 10,603 feet above sea level.

Our party consisted of five writers, three photographers, one radio operator, one forest ranger, one first-aid man, five mechanics, the president of Polaris Industries (the biggest U.S. snowmobile maker), three public-relations executives of snowmobile firms, one snowmobile factory manager, three executives of ski resorts from Vail and Aspen and a beautiful Swedish girl, Miss Bettan Olwacius, a very fine skier, who said she did not really know why she was there. People in Vail had been discussing the forthcoming trip, she explained, and someone asked if she would like to take such a journey, and she now found herself at the point of driving a beautiful new bronze-colored Larson Eagle, weighing 625 pounds and selling for \$895, through country where, certainly, no woman had ever driven a snowmobile before.

How, in fact, had any of us got into this extraordinary jam? The credit, if that is the word, belonged to three snowmobile manufacturers who had joined forces to promote a 93-mile cross-country ride over roadless mountains and through closed passes from Vail to Aspen, Colo. "We hope to demonstrate the toughness and reliability of snowmobiles in general," read the official announcement of this unprecedented journey, with a cool disregard for the softness and unreliability of mankind.

There were nine Polaris snowmobiles for the trip, eight Johnsons and eight Larsons. Snowmobile enthusiasts are deeply concerned about the advantages and disadvantages of different makes and models, and with reason. There are now more than 20 snowmobile makers in the U.S. and Canada, and sales jumped from 300 in 1959 to 30,000 last year. The machine assigned to me was a 14-hp Johnson Skeet-Horse, selling for \$1,014. It was started by pulling a rope, the way you start a power lawnmower. The pull was really not very heavy, but

the early hour and the high altitude seemed to take a toll. "Here, let me help you," said a kindly meehame and, turning on the ignition, something I had neglected to do, he started the motor with a slight tug of the rope. Now all 25 machines were warming up, and the windless air vibrated with a synecopated stutter. Toxic-looking smoke from the exhausts hung in a layer about head high. "I don't envy you this trip," said a lady bystander. "There's something masochistic about it."

Masochistic! Leopold von Sacher-Masoch! That phony! We huddled around the snowmobiles, ashen-faced, shaky, half-asphyxiated, not so much cold as chilled with the foreboding of freezing to death.

To put a snowmobile in motion you merely squeeze the throttle on the grip of the right-hand handlebar. If you squeeze too hard you jump ahead. If you open the throttle slowly you ease forward slowly.

In either case, you find yourself sliding over the snow. After jumping, easing and jumping, we swung around the shoulder of a hill, passed a sign reading ENTRANCE OF THE WHITE RIVER NATIONAL FOREST, moved out of sight of the highway and began to travel in single file on a sort of terrace overlooking a treeless valley a mile or two across. In the east and south there were glossy-blue and spectral-white mountains in a cluster around Quandary Peak and other high peaks that are called fourteenters in Colorado because they are among the 52 mountains in the state more than 14,000 feet high. We would have been better able to appreciate the scenery if we had not been half buried in the snow. A snowmobile is a sled mounted on skis and driven by a gasoline motor (usually eight to 14 hp) that operates a flanged track under the machine; the driver sits out in the open on a long padded seat and steers with handlebars like those on a motorcycle. Or he may kneel on the seat so he can throw his weight more readily from one side to the other on turns, or he may even stand up as he rides along, wobbling like Ben Hur in a chariot race, to accomplish the same end but, in any case, he is always in the depth of winter as long as he is on his snowmobile, a cold wind whistling past his ears, icy particles blowing in his face, and snow spraying all around as if he carried a homemade storm with him

as he skidded through the deep drifts.

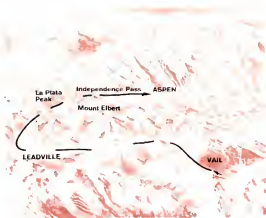
An Army Mountain Rescue Team had gone over our projected route a week earlier to see if it could be negotiated, but new snow had fallen and restored the slopes to their universal sameness. The first machine in our party was a Polaris driven by Peter Seibert, the builder of Vail. It cut a track in the new snow, and each following machine kept in the track of the one ahead, forming a ditch about a foot deep. Mine was the eighth machine in the line. The driver ahead of me was Allen Hetteen, the president of Polaris Industries, whose firm made around 7,600 snowmobiles last year. Hetteen was regarded as the best-dressed man in that part of the Rocky Mountains. He had found an ideal garment for snowmobile operation; it originally was designed by a refrigerator company for the use of butchers who work in iceboxes. Hetteen drove a specially built Polaris with a double track, hauling an empty sled. He said he had the sled along to haul out disabled Johnson snowmobiles. Or their disabled drivers. Directly behind me came Hal Steeger, the editor of *Argosy* magazine, driving a Larson Falcon. We kept about 100 feet apart.

After a couple of hours of interrupted progress Hetteen waved to us to let the machines in front get farther ahead. The trail made a 90° left turn off the terrace and went down a slope for 150 feet, and at the bottom made a 90° right-hand turn to continue west in the depth of the valley. Each driver was to wait until the one ahead was in the clear around the lower turn.

Hetteen's machine and sled were poised on the edge of the slope. They vanished with a roar of the motor and a spray of snow. I eased up to the edge in turn, but I could see nothing of them, merely a cloud of snow rising as if someone had set off a small charge of dynamite. Then Hetteen and his sled emerged from the willow thicket at the base of the cliff, calmly moving in place in the procession.

At this point I noticed the drop was not a slope. It went almost straight down. It was too late, however, to turn around and go home. I squeezed the throttle of the Johnson, evidently a little too hard, and it leaped like a horse in a Western movie. There was a ledge, five or six feet wide, about 30 feet down, and the front skis landed on this and went out into the open air again, though the rear end clung to the snow. I had neglected to get in-

continued



FROM THE SUMMIT OF VAIL PASS the snowmobilers creased a roadless pass on the way to Leadville, then climbed over trails and a closed road to conquer 12,095-foot Independence Pass.

structions on the use of a brake. In fact, I did not know snowmobiles were equipped with brakes. I thought the drive track itself acted as a brake when the power was cut off. There was, however, another handle on the left-hand handlebar, exactly like the throttle on the right-hand handlebar, and in the course of grabbing everything on the way down I happened to squeeze this as the snowmobile landed in deep snow at the base of the cliff. The results were gratifying: the snowmobile skidded into a drift, surged back the other way, throwing up a geyser of snow 10 feet in the air, then steadied and moved forward, and when I opened my eyes we were in our regular place in the procession.

"I am not known as Yellow Prentiss for nothing," said William Prentiss, the public-relations manager of Johnson Motors, a little later. Prentiss was also appropriately dressed for the occasion; he had found a Japanese army mountain-survival suit—which looked something like a lot of baseball catchers' chest protectors sewed together—and remained snug and comfortable, equally protected against the weather and well-padded in case the people who had been invited on the trip turned against the promoters of it. But in fact we had forgotten about the cold. While we were driving along,

our field of vision limited to the snow ahead, the sun had come out. The sky was blue and more than blue, and the crystal light was benign over those endless mountains.

We were going west along a stream through what is called Wilder Gully on some maps, climbing up the Piarmigan Pass to cross the Continental Divide at 12,000 feet. The reason we were able to go that way was that the Tenth Mountain Division in training during World War II laid out a trail to the pass. Seibert, our trail master, had trained there at the age of 18.

At their present stage of development snowmobiles usually have trouble if they are stopped when moving uphill. When they are started again the flanges of the track shoot the snow backward without moving the machine ahead, and it sinks deeper and deeper into the snow. So at the start of a long climb through the trees we stopped to let the machine ahead get to the top, then turned on as much speed as possible to climb in turn.

Above the timberline the solitude was emptier, and at the summit ridge of Piarmigan Pass we seemed to have come to the least-trodden snow since the first snow fell on earth. On the south wing of the pass a colossal, fan-shaped field of snow tilted up to the horizon, and

across this half a dozen drivers raced in sweeping curves, leaving trails almost as deep as the machines behind them and snow blowing away in front like water before the bow of a ship. Nobody clocked them. From this Piarmigan Pass (there is another, better known, in the Williams River Mountains) it seemed one could see most of the 1,500 mountains in Colorado that tower more than 10,000 feet. They made gogglelike incisions in the horizon, the cloudless and colorless sky merging beyond them in a shining emptiness of snow and space.

After about an hour a photographer said, "There won't be three more minutes of sunlight." He was right; smoke-like streaks of wind blew across the ridge around our feet. We dropped down the west side of the Continental Divide on a wide slope, about as steep as the pitch of the roof of an old-fashioned farmhouse, through a snowstorm. Here it was strange to see the snow getting shallower from one minute to the next and the air brightening.

We came out in good weather—1,300 feet lower—to an Army-built trail beside Resolution Creek. In midafternoon we came to the first man-made structure we had seen since leaving Vail Pass, a closed gate across the trail. We ate lunch beside an abandoned Army post, went south along the Eagle River, and crossed Tennessee Pass in well-settled country. Our exhausted party fell into bed in Leadville, the highest incorporated city in North America, and tried to get a good night's sleep. The next day we were to cross Independence Pass at 12,095 feet and get to Aspen, 49 miles away.

In the carefully restored plainness of the Pioneer bar there was plenty of evidence of the toughness and reliability of Leadville—it has survived catastrophes since 1878 and now flourishes again as a popular ghost town—and nobody doubted the toughness of the mountains. But what interested me was the toughness and reliability of snowmobiles. They have been tested for only six years. Back in 1959 a self-taught French-Canadian mechanic named Joseph Armand Bombardier mass-produced 300 snowmobiles at his factory in the farm town of Valcourt, 75 miles east of Montreal. Bombardier's machine, called the Ski-Do, sold like this: 300 in 1959, 2,300 in 1961, 5,000 in 1963, 13,000 in 1965. Another Canadian firm, making the Hus-Ski, produced 250 machines in 1962 and 4,000

continued



maybe we should call it the Jantzen Sports Announcers Club

Here in the good-looking all-Acrlen sweaters that look and feel like velvet are Bob Cousy, director general, and Frank Gifford, membership committee chairman. They announce sports, as most sportsmen know; behind them is a motley group of fans seeking autographs. Now a short commercial message, as Bob and Frank say over so frequently.

These good-looking sweaters are exceptionally soft to the eye and to the hand, and, incredibly, they can be washed by machine! This is the amazing and rare characteristic of 100 percent Acrlen: thus these sweaters retain their shape, color (eight splendid shades), and feel. V-neck about \$13, cardigan about \$15. Snapped at the Hilton Hawaiian Village. Now back to the game.

A
ACRLAN
CHEMSTRAND


MEMBER OF INTERNATIONAL SPORTSWEAR ASSOCIATION
jantzen
International
sports club
sportswear for sportsmen

FRANK GIFFORD
BOB COUSY
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PAUL ARTHUR
FRANK BAKER
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JOHN STEVENSON



CHARGER

... new leader of the Dodge Rebellion.



Today, the star of the Auto Show becomes your fabulous road car.

Last year you'd have paid a king's ransom for a car that looked like this. Last year you'd have paid extra for the things Charger's got. V8, tach, racing-style steering wheel, bucket seats all around. And last year you couldn't get Charger's kind of full-sized fastback action no matter what you paid. But that was last year. This is the one car that made it from the drawing

board to your driveway with all the excitement left in—all the go, room, all the new features and extras that usually get lost in the shuffle. So there you are. Our big secret is out. Charger. By Dodge. Proof that a sports car can be luxurious. And good-looking. And comfortable. Charger. It had to happen. See it soon. The Dodge Rebellion wants you.

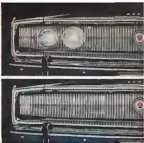




Charger is designed to carry four in more comfort than the most expensive limousines can carry six. But try to find a limousine with Charger's quick, nimble handling. Just try



This is where you'll discover what Charger is really for. The clock is optional. The tachometer (right next to the speedometer where it belongs) is standard equipment.



These drooping headlights are standard equipment. Their rest appearance, up or down, is something special. Retraction is automatic.



What's better than bucket seats up front? Bucket seats all around. What's better than buckets all around? Buckets in back that fold flat to give you more space than you ever expected in a car like this.



Take a good look at the best "last look" on the road. But don't be misled by Charger's smooth lines. Under that polished, curvy exterior, you'll find a car that has to be the fastest quick-change artist on the road. Changes character instantly—at the flick of a wrist. On the left, Charger shows off its sporting side.

■ NOW EASILY CHANGED TO WORKING A DRIVING CHAIR—RED UP OR DOWN AT YOUR LEASE. TRAVEL'S.



Dodge Charger

DODGE DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



You can tell a good life insurance company by its agents.

We know ours are above average because they've earned the honors to prove it!

Year after year, New York Life agents have been building a remarkable record within the life insurance industry.

For example, the Million Dollar Round Table of the National Association of Life Underwriters awards membership to agents with outstanding sales and counseling abilities. New York Life regularly has far more members than any other company. At the Women Leaders Round Table, our ladies have done the same thing for 20 years in a row! Similarly, the Association recognizes high standards of service through its National Quality Award. Thousands of our agents earn it repeatedly.

Or, let's consider professional training. Among agents themselves, one of the most

respected achievements is to be certified as a Chartered Life Underwriter. This usually requires years of difficult "after hours" study. We think it's significant that New York Life has one of the very largest groups of C.L.U. members—and it's growing every year.

But the highest honor an agent can earn is the confidence and esteem of his clients. There's a New York Life agent ready to earn yours—by helping your family towards greater financial security. Call him. You'll find he's a good man to know!

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Health Insurance • Pension Plans



In 1964 The Hatzee Derrick and Host Company of Rosau, Mann, had made snowmobiles as a sideline since 1954 and now, as Polaris Industries, began competing with the Canadian pioneers. And there were many local firms turning out such machines as Trailmaker, Moto-ski, Eski-Motor, Fox Trac, Snow Bug, Chickadee, Blue Goose and Arctic Cat.

Three big American firms have now entered the snowmobile lists. Johnson Outboard Marine introduced the Skee-Horse and Evinrude the Sketor more than a year ago. American Machine and Foundry put its machine on the market in 1965. One estimate is that total snowmobile production will come to about 45,000 machines next year.

In the past the machines were demonstrated at snowmobile meets, with teams of professional drivers speeding them in obstacle races, guiding them at full speed between trees, jumping them over cliffs or hurtling them through flaming barriers to show how safe and practical they are. Bombardier dominated the industry, winning most of the races, outpacing the small American competitors and conducting grueling cross-country trips through forbidding weather. But now, with big American manufacturers in the business, the old American know-how is being used to take people on snowmobiles into far more uncomfortable regions than had heretofore been considered possible. And the end of this rivalry is nowhere in sight. Not even in the Rockies.

On the second stage of our journey, for example, from Leadville to Aspen, we headed for Independence Pass on the key road (closed to automobiles in winter) beyond Twin Lakes. We were in a narrow, gloomy valley between Mount Elbert, the highest mountain in Colorado at 14,431 feet, and La Plata Peak, 89 feet lower. We followed a road that curved along the winding bends of Lake Creek—beautiful in summer but now suggesting some sort of parody of the automobile travel for which the road had been built. At Mountain Boy Gulch the road at 10,400 feet ran for miles along the base of cliffs and nearly vertical slopes, studded with avalanche areas for which the road is closed from November to July each year. With a new fall of snow and a bright sun, it was decided that it should be closed to snowmobiles as well—at least if some other route to the summit could be found.



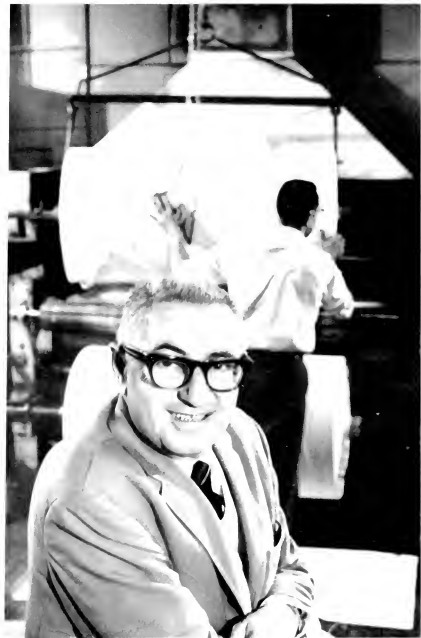
WAST-DEEP IN DRIFTS, DRIVERS HELP A STALLED SNOWMOBILE BACK TO THE TRAIL

A Forest Service packhorse trail ran through the woods on the opposite side of the valley from the road, and we followed it for two miles on a narrow ledge, between trees barely far enough apart to let the snowmobiles between them. We were in deep woods where, despite the snow, the forest retained its tangled and incoherent confusion, a sidehill forest with snags and fallen limbs and trees half buried in the snow.

The first three machines chewed up the trail so that the rest of us could not get through. We turned the machines around and went back down, to go up the route we had tried to avoid. "The trouble with snowmobiles," said a Forest Service official in Denver before we started out, "is that they will take you just far enough into the wilderness so you can't get out." We could get out, but the day was now pretty well along, hauling on the machines had been taxing, and the long climb up the highway added to the succession of confused images, one long switchback after another, each so much like the last it seemed that every mile we progressed took us back precisely to the point we had just left.

No one on the trip is likely to forget the shock we experienced when we came out of the tortuous twists and sheer drops of Independence Pass and found that an advance party had come from somewhere

to build a big fire across the road, with a long stop for a lunch of fried chicken, bread, cheese, bologna and white wine. There were other surprises: as the going became easier, we suddenly spotted the ghost town of Independence on a little tableland on the left below the road, a mere half a dozen fallen houses with rafters showing above the snow, left behind us in an instant. Then there was the moment when the light began to fade and the blur of trees and road made the speed seem phenomenal. Finally, there was the last 20 miles—a road so straight and smooth that the machines could race along side by side at 30 mph. It is boredom that makes one conscious of one's reactions; exhilaration is dumb. I could only think, how wonderful. Or as Miss Olmecs, who passed almost everyone, said when we stopped at Aspen, "Terrific." The Leadville newspaper referred to the trip as a perilous journey. The Forest Service in Denver issued a release saying the successful completion of the trip opened up a new era in winter recreation in the forests, but warned against the danger of going too far into the woods to get back out. Winter peril or new era in recreation, one thing is sure—if some means of outdoor sport more uncomfortable than snowmobiles is ever discovered, American industry can be counted on to perfect it. **END**



A SAIL MEANS ONLY A SALE TO SOL

To a passionate angler like Sol Lampport, the only sensible use for a boat is to catch fish. But so long as there are fools who prefer to go sailing, Sol will sell them sailcloth **by HUGH WHALL**

Sol Lampport, ex-marine, fisherman and refugee from the Russian Revolution, is not a man who cares much for sailing or sailboats. Or even sailors, for the matter of that. "Big-boat sailors are snobs," says Sol bluntly, in the rich, velour accents of New York's garment district. "They got lotta money, and they got no time for me. One day this guy will call me in my office and say, 'Hey, Sol, how's this?' or, 'How's that?' or, 'How's the other thing?' and ask my advice. The next day this same guy will pass me and my Lydia in his yacht club without even a hello or something." Small-boat sailors, Sol concedes, are different. "They don't give a damn so long as you make for them good fabric."

Yet Sol Lampport and all sailors, big and small, exist happily together in a sea-going symbiosis. Without Sol's sailcloth many a sailor would be adrift under bare poles with nothing to drive his boat forward. Without sailors to buy his cloth, Sol would probably still be pushing yard goods for the big textile firm of Alexander Lampport & Bro. in the eight in 10 bracket. Eight to 10 thousand dollars, that is.

"There's two kinds people," Sol will explain to anyone who will listen, always muttering he doesn't care a fig for money. "There's those who make eight to 10 and those who make 10 to 80." There was never any question in Sol's mind which group he wanted to belong to, and sailors

and sailboats provided the means. "I or a man who knows so little about sailing. Sol sure made plenty of money out of it," was the way one sailmaker put it.

Sol Lampport discovered sails and sailing during the early 1950s, with some of the same overwhelming sense of arrival that the Hebrews felt on reaching the Promised Land. He and the company he worked for were both seeking new fields to conquer. "I was looking around for something people couldn't do without," says Sol, "and I discovered leisure. Leisure is like potatoes and flour. People can't do without potatoes. They can't do without flour. Leisure they can't do without either." Now, Sol asked himself, how does one combine the textile business with leisure to their mutual advantage? Camping? He investigated tents and sleeping bags. No. Golf bags? Fishing tackle? Nothing. Skunk parkas? Still nothing. So Sol took a weekend off and went up to Buzzard's Bay on a fishing trip.

"I've always been a fisherman," he says. "When my father was alive and I was a boy 8, 9 years old back in Russia he used to take me fishing. I can still remember the first fish I caught. It was some kind of Russian sunfish nearly as big as my hand. When I got older and had enough money for a bike I bought a rod instead. So now, whenever I have time, I go fishing. Well, this day I was fishing Buzzard's Bay in Massachusetts

when these boats came by and, hey, it must have been one of the big regattas and I was impressed by the amount of canvas hanging on the boats. This is about 12, 13 years ago, going back to '52 or '53. Here, all of a sudden, I see what looked to me like a million yards of canvas staring in my face. There must have been only 50, 60 boats instead of the 2,000 I saw, but to me it looked like 4,000. Right then there was like a light going pop in my head. 'Lampport can make that stuff,' I said to myself. It was simple as that." Well, almost as simple. But first Sol the salesman had to convince his bosses there was a market.

It was not too difficult. At that time yacht sails, for the most part, were still made of canvas or, more specifically, heavy cotton imported from Europe or North Africa. This material was cursed with a multitude of drawbacks. It turned black with mildew if stuffed away wet in a sailbag. It was heavy and cumbersome and about as tractable as corrugated iron when soaked with spray. Worst of all, it changed its shape if not handled as carefully as a medieval tapestry.

The chemical marvels developed in World War II offered yachtsmen a bright hope of release from these miseries, and sailmakers were beginning to look longingly at the new wonder fabrics, nylon, Dacron and Orlon. Du Pont and others were making the thread, but the companies that wove it into cloth showed little interest in the sailmakers' needs. "They made cloth in only a few weights," Sol explains, "and if you were a sailmaker you bought those weights or you didn't buy at all." The thought that struck Sol on Buzzard's Bay that day was that his firm could fill the gap by weaving cloth expressly for sailmakers. Armed with statistics and inventories, Sol persuaded the other Lampports to start a separate sailcloth business with him as its head.

"I figured it would cost Lampport a quarter of a million to set up. For them it would be a gamble," he says as he tells about it today. "and for me, too. But

continued

EXILED IN RURAL CONNECTICUT, LAMPFORT HAS NOTHING BUT MILES OF PROFITABLE SAILCLOTH TO BOLSTER HIS SAGGING MORALE

it would mean getting out of the eight to 10 and into the 10 to 30 crowd. I told my wife Lydia, "If it don't work, we're broke. Nobody's gonna hate me. Nobody loses a quarter-million dollars easy, you know."

As it turned out, nobody got to lose anything. Sol's hard sell hit the nation's sail lofts like a September hurricane and, rather than attempt to stand up against this unwanted gale from the garment district, the sailmen simply ordered and reordered Sol's goods and found them good.

Sol himself is convinced that his methods are the epitome of the soft sell. "I can't talk too good," he was saying to a prospective customer over the phone in his office recently. "But I tell you this much. I don't never knock my competition. Never. Never, never. But you take this guy's goods. You can pull it apart with your hands. Yes, pull it apart." Sol cradled the phone for a moment so that he could grasp the obscene material made by one of the dozen other sailcloth weavers and pull it apart in pantomime. "This goods of mine," he went on when the phone was picked up again, "you gotta cut it with scissors."

The dramatic point made, Sol, breathing heavily in a laryngite gasp, settled back to quieter persuasion. "All in all,"

he said, "we got something very nice here in this material. If you like the cloth, give me a break. If you don't like it, tell me. Please believe me, there's no strings attached—nothing." Sol paused, sucked in a thread of air and waited for the inevitable order.

Sales resistance, if he even knows the meaning of the word, is not a hardship Sol Lampert has suffered much from. Anyone who survived World War I, the Russian Revolution and the famine that followed has to learn to cope with the world as it is, and Sol has been an apt pupil. His mother died right after the war, his father a year later. What was left of the Lampert family—Sol and two brothers—had to scramble to stay alive. "We did the best we could for a while," says Sol, like a man who has almost forgotten how crushing the horror was, "then the Hoover Commission began to send us food parcels." The commission did more than send food. It provided a direct link to cousins in America, who traced him through the package labels. Sol and his brothers were brought to the U.S. and deposited on a farm in the Connecticut tobacco country, where Sol split his time between the tobacco fields and learning English at school. Two years later, at 16, Sol decided to quit school and go to work in

his relatives' textile business, first in New York, later in Chicago.

It worked out all right, but after a few years Sol got bored with textiles. He quit and went to work, in his words, "as an amateur photographer for a professional newspaper. I picked absolutely the wrong time. It was right in the middle of the Depression and, because I was the youngest, I was the first to go." Bad times were followed by good, which were followed by bad, until another war came along. By then, plump, 30ish and married to Lydia, Sol decided to join up. "I picked the Marine Corps," he says, "because I was sure they'd reject me. But you know what? They took me. Seriously. I was glad to go. When I was an orphan in Russia I saw people starving on the streets. This country was good to me, and any time things got rough at Parris Island I'd tell myself, 'Nothing can be tougher than my childhood.'" Most of Sol's fellow boots were kids 17 or 18 years old. "But," he says, "I made up my mind the secret was to use your head with your muscle. And you know? It worked. Anything anybody could do I could do it better—in spades. I could run better, drill better, fight better, do everything better. But only once. I had to do it right the first time. I couldn't make it the second."

Even in the Marine Corps Sol's persuasive gift of selling came in handy. "I had one drill instructor who was a real snot," he remembers. "He used to ride me morning, noon and night. So four days before I left Parris Island I went to another DI and told him I wanted permission to take this other guy out in the sandpile. He said it was O.K. by him. The only thing was, I knew this DI I wanted to fight could beat the hell out of me, he was so much younger and stronger. Anyhow, I went up to him and I told him this. I told him I was going to break his nose and split his mouth. I told him I was going to bust his arms and legs. I told him I was going to make him so his mother wouldn't recognize him. And you know what?" says Sol with mock surprise. "He backed off." (Not surprisingly, the Marine Corps claims no knowledge of this surrender.)

Amazingly enough, Sol left boot camp in one piece and with, according to him, the highest IQ of any enlisted man on the island. In spite of this, or maybe because of it, the Marines shipped him



TIME PASSES SLOWLY FOR SOL AND LYDIA IN THEIR NEW HOUSE IN WOODSTOCK

to photography school. There was one minor hitch, though. Algebra was a prerequisite for the school, and since Sol could hardly write let alone solve an equation, there was nothing for it but to teach himself the fundamentals of x and y . Taking the photo course with him were a clutch of college men, who were themselves badly in need of a refresher course in math. "They'd forgotten what they'd learned, and I was learning from the beginning," says Sol. "So you know what? You know what? I taught them. How do you like that? A Russian orphan with a fourth-grade education teaching college men."

During the war Midway was a rock covered with a few thousand servicemen and 10 gooney birds for every man. It was there that Photographer Sol was sent to make an occasional flight in a TB or TBD. Mostly though, he practiced as a rockbound Sergeant Bilko. "I was nearly the lowest-rated marine on Midway, but I was an operator," Sol says. "Somebody once said I ran Midway. That's not true, but I did have a general's reputation once. He said, 'Don't you pull your stripe on me, private. I've got a star.'"

When the war ended, Operator Sol became a textile man again. The family firm was seeking ways to diversify its industrial line, and Sol was put to work thinking about it. A few years later, when his notion about sailcloth turned into the biggest single moneymaker at Lamport, Sol moved his family from their Bronx walk-up to a vaguely pink house in Massapequa, Long Island that boasted a two-car garage, nine extension phones and a gravel lawn. "You don't have to mow gravel," Sol explains.

Far more important to Sol than the gravel lawn and the two-car garage, however, were the racks of fishing rods that lined the basement. Sol, who has been known to fish for cod in the middle of winter in an open boat with a mile-long handline, owns rods, reels and plugs of every kind, including a 14-karat-gold job that is more joke than jig. "I think like a fish, I feel like a fish, I would rather fish than do anything," he says.

Away from the water Sol never stops tinkering with his tackle, occasionally with profit. Says Sol: "I had this Mitchell reel once that had parts inside that used to bind. But I had an idea how to fix it." He stripped the reel, drilled a hole in the binding spindle and, presto,

it worked. Reel in hand, deal in mind, Sol trotted off to the manufacturer. "They were so pleased that they said they wanted to do something for me. 'O.K.," I said. 'Give me a thousand bucks.' It ended up with them giving me \$500 cash and \$500 in merchandise."

Lydia Lamport was happy back there in The Bronx. "I can remember the hot nights when the soot came in the window," she says with a sigh. "Those were happy days."

For 14 years Sol was even happier in Massapequa with his wife, his fishing and his talented daughter playing the flute for callers. "You see that flute," he would say proudly. "Looks just like a piece pipe, eh? Well, it ain't. Nearly \$500 it cost me, that piece pipe." Then, as dark-haired Janet trilled through a scale, "You hear that value? Such value she's got. Thirteen teachers and they all gave up on her. 'She's better than me,' they would say. Now she's got a teacher, you should see her. She stares at the throat and screams, 'No, you're not doing it right, do it again.' Embarrassment, my daughter's got. Such a natural embarrassment!"

But, like Lydia's Bronx, Sol's Massapequa is gone now, spoiled by too much success. Last year Sol moved his sailcloth enterprise right out of the family firm, sold his pink house, watched his son marry and his daughter go off to college and set up in business on his own. In Putnam, Conn., of all places.

Before the transfer, Sol worked in a dusty, musty, high-ceilinged clutch of rooms jammed with bits and pieces of machinery for testing, weighing and cutting his cloth. An air of improvisation hung everywhere, but it mixed happily with a sense of vitality. The new factory is different. Built so that it abuts Putnam-Herz, the plant that does most of Sol's finishing, Sol's new place has the clean, antiseptic smell of a modern factory. His own huge, paneled office even features a plush bathroom with a polished-brick door.

Sol sells two basic cloths: filmy nylon for spinners, available in seven different colors, and heavier Dacron, in white only for jibs, mains and staysails. The cloth does not always turn out the way Sol or his sailmaker customers think it should, and then Sol has several choices. He can reprocess it, sell it at a reduced rate as snubg material, turn it into tapes for edging sails, salvaging,

say, 18 inch panels out of a 36-inch panel or eat it.

To keep his diet nylon-free, Sol is constantly experimenting to make a better cloth than such competitors as, for instance, Ted Hood, who doesn't make much sailcloth but what he makes is the best there is. "We do a lot of experimental work," Sol says. "We are constantly running trial lots, doing the same thing only a little bit better. We're also trying different things from scratch with different types of finishes, different machines and chemicals. We've even made experiments on something we knew wouldn't work—just to get it out of our systems."

Sol's new home is a modern facsimile of an old New England saltbox, set among a grove of trees and surrounded by a neat stone wall. His front window now overlooks an everyday grass slope instead of a gravel lawn. Beyond lies the spiritless town of Woodstock, Conn. ("You got to be a closet drinker here"), which supports a pair of gas stations, a red-and-white general store and a lonely barbershop.

Sol, an authentic country squire now, is vaguely puzzled by all this rural bliss. "Of course," he says, "we love the house very much. It is a very easy, comfortable house, but—" and his voice trails off. "Just after a week when we came here," Sol adds a minute later, "We began to meet people, and we began seriously asking, 'What about social life here?' Well, they told me, there isn't very much. Later on in the season, they say, Winsted opens up its stores. There's a concert once in a while. There's some shows that are not professional but quite good. There's a football game on Saturday afternoon. It goes mostly like that. You work, you get home, have a cocktail before dinner, don't eat too early, wash up, clean up, come down, have a light dinner, watch TV with your wife and go to bed. That's what they told me. Well, that just about covers one night a month for me," growls Sol, who, ironically, now lives not far from the tobacco fields he worked in 42 years ago. "I still have a problem with the other 29, 30 nights."

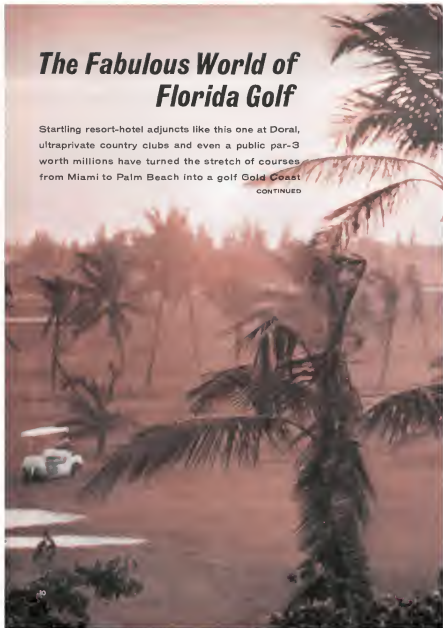
But that's not the worst thing success has done to the man who makes upward of 100,000 yards of sailcloth a month. The worst thing is "I haven't done any fishing at all since I'm up here in this northern area."

END

The Fabulous World of Florida Golf

Startling resort-hotel adjuncts like this one at Doral, ultraprivate country clubs and even a public par-3 worth millions have turned the stretch of courses from Miami to Palm Beach into a golf Gold Coast

CONTINUED







PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN



A bunker dimpled with bushy islands gives distinction to Pina Tree, a course Nicklaus calls "one of America's best."

This world's most valuable golf hole—on land worth an estimated \$2.5 million—is the seaside 18th at the Gulf Stream club.



Tiers of bright sand set off the 14th at Seminole, a par-5



that offers a gamble—and trouble. Ben Hogan, a member, ranks this Palm Beach links as a favorite.



On this Atlantic reef lies the \$3 million Palm Beach Par 3 club, a public course near the dramatic President apartments.

Gleaming roof of the \$2 million headquarters of U.S. pro golf shines behind water-guarded 18th green at the PGA National.







Six banner years of course building have made the world's most luxurious 75 miles of sand into a year-round mecca for golfers. The area offers a variety of exciting new links to go with its smattering of renowned old ones

BY GWILYM S. BROWN

Flags Are Flying Among the Palms

In Florida, boom is a bad word. Too many residents with long memories claim it rhymes with bust. So, instead, let it be calmly said that something like urban growth or reasoned expansion or carefully planned recreational development in the 75-mile stretch of seacoast from Palm Beach to Miami has led to an unparalleled golf course—er, ah, oh well, boom! Some of the best courses in the area are elegant survivors of the '30s, that era when speculators rushed for Florida marshes with the same fervor with which their fathers raced for Klondike streams. But to these have been added—at a spectacular rate—enough excellent country clubs, good real-estate-subdivision and resort-hotel courses and plain old public links to make this short bit of coastline unique in golf.

Ben Hogan's favorite course is here. Jack Nicklaus ranks a different one as among the country's top three and thinks so much of yet another that he is building himself a home beside one of its fairways. The short 18th hole of one course, Gulf Stream Golf Club, is on property valued at \$2.5 million, and there is an oceanside par-3 course on land worth an estimated \$10 million. One exclusive country club is on a man-made island in Biscayne Bay that was constructed just for the course, and four others are adjuncts of a resort hotel whose owner happily points out that he has room for 10 more. Perhaps the simplest statistic is the most meaningful. In 1959 the three counties that encompass the area, Palm Beach, Broward and Dade, offered visitors and residents only 31 golf courses. Today there are 85, and golf is becoming a year-round attraction in southeastern Florida.

Until recently the only word on Florida golf courses was a confusing trickle that flowed north each spring with returning vacationers. Originally it was mostly concerned with the caliber of such courses as Seminole (in Miami Beach or Palm Beach or some beach), and Indian Creek (or is it Canoe Brook? No, that's in New Jersey), and more recently about places called Lost Pine or Pine Tree or Lost Tree, or something like that. Yet these clubs were reserved for the rich and the famous, and they closed when the snow melted in the North. But anyone who has played 18 on a sweltering

day in Chicago or Washington or New York knows that is no summer festival, either. Suddenly the Florida season began to expand, much to the surprise of the very people who run the golf courses.

"The season isn't supposed to start until December 15," says a startled Frank Strafaci, director of golf at the Doral Hotel and Country Club in Miami. "People weren't supposed to be here any earlier, but this place has been jammed since October."

"Our bar and restaurant made money during October for the first time in my memory," says Tom Flaherty, manager at La Gorce, a private club that sits among red-tiled cottages just across a narrow band of water from the high-rise hotels on Collins Avenue in Miami Beach. "In fact, we made \$5,000. It's unheard of."

With the too-short winter season now apparently a thing of the past, building a golf course has become almost a blue-chip investment, and the profit-minded have spotted the trend. Because the new courses tend to be designed differently than the old ones, they have added much to the character of Florida golf. Southeast Florida is as flat as a road map and, with such notable exceptions as Seminole and Indian Creek, its golf courses used to be uninspiring. Good examples of this old school are the Everglades and The Breakers hotel courses in the center of Palm Beach. Built in 1926, The Breakers is only 6,000 yards long. Its flat fairways are so narrowly confined by tall coconut palms that playing The Breakers is like taking a walk down Wall Street. But even this staid institution is beginning to cater to the new demands for golfing excellence. The hotel has raised and enlarged all 18 greens, and this year will tear down its old clubhouse and replace it with a \$1 million 1966 model.

Courses like The Breakers, however, set the standard no longer. Skillful design has produced four—including one that was built 37 years ago—that rate with the best to be found anywhere in the U.S., and the quality of some others is not far behind. The four best are Seminole, an almost hilly oceanside course just north of Palm Beach that was opened for play in 1919, the PGA National's East Course

continued

Fashioned in the earlier tradition but with its own special beauty is the palm-shaded Breakers course.



in Palm Beach Gardens, on which the first annual PGA National Four-Ball Championship recently was held; Pine Tree, 25 miles down Military Trail from the PGA headquarters, a dramatic combination of sand, water and wind; and Doral's Blue Course, the site of the pro tour's annual Doral Open. Right behind this quartet come Lost Tree, located on the ocean immediately south of Seminole; West Palm Beach Country Club, one of the better public courses in the country; the PGA National's West Course, the Country Club of Florida in Delray Beach; Coral Ridge in Fort Lauderdale; Indian Creek, which sits on its man-made island just north of Miami Beach, and La Gorce. Seminole, on the north boundary of the area, is a mere 90 minutes by automobile from Doral on the south.

"The best Florida courses may not look like typical U.S. Open courses," says two-time Open winner Cary Middlecoff, referring to the palm trees, bright sand and quantities of water. "But they play just as hard. They are a continuous challenge from tee to green, hole after hole." His opinion is shared by most well-traveled golfers. Many, including Hogan, say no course can top Seminole for conditioning and general playing quality. Jack Nicklaus, who has never played Seminole (he showed up one day several years ago, while still a young amateur, and was not allowed to play; he has not been back since), places Pine Tree among the two or three top U.S. courses. Dow Finsterwald, the former PGA champion, is a member, and Middlecoff and Nicklaus are sufficiently enamored of Lost Tree to have purchased \$17,500 lots and are building houses there.

Lost Tree may someday grow into one of the most successful golf course-real estate subdivisions in the country. The club itself is a part of Lost Tree Village, a 450-acre community of \$40,000 to \$150,000 houses that has Lake Worth and Little Lake Worth to the west and the Atlantic Ocean to the east—a nice playground. Even so, the project very nearly collapsed because its founders were not sufficiently golf-oriented. The land was purchased in 1945 by Llywd Ecclestone, a successful contractor from Detroit who had bicycled up from Palm Beach one day to take a look at the site. It was then a sandy marsh. But contractors know that sand shovels easily, and Ecclestone bought the land. The initial Lost Tree prospectus made the subdivision about as easy to get into as a non-Boston Brink's vault. Lots were priced at \$25,000 to \$50,000, goodly sums even today, and no house could cost less than \$150,000. Customers were to be screened as if they were rookies trying out for the CIA. The trouble was, there were no customers to screen.

"They made the place so exclusive," says John Hoyt, now chairman of the Board of Governors at Lost Tree. "that the Duke of Windsor might have had trouble getting in." A further difficulty was that Ecclestone did not really

With enough money and enough friends in right places a tour of the 18 holes at left, plus a relaxing 19th, would satisfy any golfer. Set amid impressions and pitfalls of Florida are: 1) Seminole; 2) Lost Tree; 3) PGA National; 4) The Breakers; 5) Everglades; 6) Palm Beach Par 3; 7) West Palm Beach Public; 8) Atlantic; 9) Pine Tree; 10) Country Club of Florida; 11) Gulf Stream; 12) Boca Raton; 13) Coral Ridge; 14) Orange Brook; 15) Country Club of Miami; 16) Miami Shores; 17) Indian Creek; 18) La Gorce; 19) Doral.

know anything about golf or golfers. This turned out to be good for the golf course because they gave the architect, Mark Mahannah, a free hand, but they could not get any golfers to buy homes, and they needed golfers.

Hoyt, an Arkansas cotton planter, has widespread connections in golf and used them when he was hired by Lost Tree to revitalize the operation. Lost Tree Village lowered its prices for building sites to include the merely prosperous middle class and went after a golf-wise clientele. Now 148 of the 402 lots have been sold and 46 houses have been built or are under construction.

The village owes a good deal of this success to the golf course. On most counts Lost Tree is a match for any course in the country. Only the fact that its greenside bunkers have been kept an excessive distance from the putting surfaces prevents it from being a supreme challenge to the expert. Needless to say, such a problem is hardly a drawback to golfers of moderate skill. This, and having Nicklaus and Middlecoff as neighbors, ought to sell the rest of the lots.

Because the land is so flat and sandy, southeast Florida is at once a joy and a misery to the golf-course designer. The sand can be bulldozed around at will, and if you want a water hazard about all you have to do is dig a hole. But this starting from scratch instead of from fixed terrain puts a premium on an architect's imagination, and it is well that the best of them have had a hand in Florida's courses, including famed Robert Trent Jones (Coral Ridge Country Club of Miami), Donald Ross (Seminole) and Dick Wilson (PGA, Pine Tree, Doral), Wilson, who died last year, was the most successful of all at making something out of nothing. A gruff, sometimes surly, unpolished artist-in-the-rough, his basic warmth and humor still managed to show through. His golf courses reflect this personality. They have a wild, exciting—almost threatening—charm. They are all difficult courses, even from the short tees, but their endless variety of dogleg holes, mounds, water and tightly guarded greens make them lively and spirited tests of skill.

The marvels of golf in southeast Florida are not limited to the caliber of the courses. There are other unique features. Not many people have seen the 18th hole at Gulf Stream, for example, because not many people have gotten through Gulf Stream's gates. The 18th is a modest, wide-open 370-yard par-4. For the golfer it is one of the quietest finishing holes in the game. But for the real-estate broker it has to be joy juice, since it is located right between Route A1A and the Atlantic Ocean just north of Delray Beach. Hence the estimated value: \$2.5 million.

Then there is the Palm Beach Par 3 course (lifetime membership: \$1,000) that Wilson designed. The greens fee is \$4.50, which entitles you to play a demanding little links that occupies a 2,000-by-600-foot block of land sandwiched between the Intracoastal Waterway and the ocean. The club pays taxes on an assessed value of \$3 million. "That figure is based on the land as recreational property," says Henry Russell, a building contractor from Miami who knows his way around Palm Beach real estate. "As land for development, \$9 million would be a conservative estimate of its value."

Russell, a member of the Executive Committee of the United States Golf Association, is also chairman of the greens committee at Indian Creek. This 200-acre island includes the country club, 12 private houses and a 10-man, two-car police department, all incorporated as Indian Creek Village.

Indian Creek could only have happened in the Florida of the '20s. It was built in 1929 on top of four million cubic yards of fill that had been dumped into a mangrove swamp. It was a masterpiece of superb designing and awful timing, for as the island rose the economy sank. When Indian Creek staged its official opening dinner only 50 guests showed up. Ozzie Nelson and his band played at supper each night to an average audience of 30 waiters and three guests, but the club survived. Today it has 316 members, and home values do seem to be holding firm. You can, for example, snap up the house of Mrs. Norman B. Woolworth, which is on sale for \$680,000. How much would the island be worth for apartments or hotels? "About \$10 million," says Russell.

At that the club falls short of the status given it recently by the guide of a cruise boat that churned past on Biscayne Bay. "Behold, Indian Creek Country Club," said the guide, his amplified voice flowing across the water as a number of residents listened. "The playground of millionaires, where even the caddies earn \$200 a week."

One need not be a millionaire to try the most difficult course in the Miami area, the Blue at Doral. It is the site of the \$100,000 Doral Open, where the 72-hole tournament record is a 14-under-par 274. Officially called the Blue Monster, it is part of a golfing complex that includes the Red Course (Red Tiger), the opening-this-week White Course (White Wonder), a nine-hole par-3, and a grandiose 500-room hotel. All of this is owned by Alfred Kaskel, a New York contractor who made his first money by buying up chunks of the Borough of Queens when it was pastureland. Doral (feared from the first names of Kaskel and his wife Doris) Hotel and Country Club, which also includes the imposing Doral Beach Hotel, began as a one-story motel on Collins Avenue in Miami Beach. Kaskel had been invited to join several other investors in this project and had soon taken over completely. "If one story high, I thought, why not two?" says Kaskel. "But if you have two stories you must have an elevator. So, I thought, if you have to put in an elevator anyway, why not four stories?"

The answer to "why not four stories?" turned out to be the 14-story Carillon, among the highest hotels on the Beach. The Carillon expanded in the direction of Doral because Kaskel wanted his Carillon guests to have a golf course all to themselves. In 1959 he purchased or optioned 2,400 acres of sand just west of Miami airport. At that time there was no Palmetto Expressway running by the area, or even any paved road to speak of. The first time Kaskel drove out with his architect to take a look at the site he could not find it. He gave up after three hours of fruitless search and went back to Miami Beach. Now the wilderness has bloomed, and Kaskel, with four golf courses, is considering others. "I've got room for 14," he says. He might have to build them all just to keep up with Florida's fabulous golf—er—Boom!

END



short...tall...large or small...

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FOR A DEMONSTRATION SEE YOUR CHEVROLET, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE BUICK OR CADILLAC DEALER

Fullback-actor-announcer-publicist **Jimmy Brown**, though not warring for sideline pursuits, revealed another last week: working with **Cassius Clay**, an old friend, in a closed-circuit television boxing enterprise. Part of Brown's profit will be channeled into Cleveland's developing Negro Industrial Economic Union, through which he seeks ways for Negroes to become more involved in an integrated world of business. This seemed somewhat at odds with Partner Clay's Black Muslim philosophy of racial separation, but Brown replied it did not matter: "I never could see eye to eye with Cassius' way of worship, but whether he is Muslim, black or white makes no difference. He has to be dealt with."

Coming up this weekend—and dutifully to be celebrated Saturday on NBC-TV—is the 25th anniversary of the Crosby program golf tournament. It's all pretty big time now—Pebble Beach on the swanky Monterey coast, prizes amounting to \$104,500 instead of the \$10,000 customary in the old days—and, at those prices, **Bing Crosby** is maybe a mile more decorous than he used to be. Some of the newsreel film on the anniversary program shows him in an

early, rainy tournament (*below*). Dressed in baggy shorts, he slugs out of a rain-puddle sand trap, then breaks into a little song and dance in the drizzle. "It's hard to remember what I was up to," says Crosby. "I guess I was just monkeying around a little bit."

"Exceptional recipes from the pervase kitchens of America's top-name athletes," tootles the dust jacket of *The All-Star Athletes Cook Book*, explaining itself. Within, indeed, one finds details of **Rocky Marciano's** flaming beef collops, **Julius Barnes'** sweet 'n' sour liver fingers, **Blazon Collier's** Kentucky burgoo and **Don Meredith's** praise Jackrabbit. But, sorry to say, nothing at all from **Beans Reardon**, **Taters Lary** and **Peanuts Lowrey**.

"In my opinion, there is nothing in the world that brings people together more than doll collecting," a collector in *Tierra del Fuego* has a warm friendship for a collector in Greenwich, Conn., or vice versa. That's the happy outlook, anyway, of **Gene Tunney**, and who's going to pack a fight with him? Collector Tunney is a close friend of Pan American Airways Consultant **Sam Pryor**, owner of one of

the largest collections in the world, and that's how he got started. Now he's just back from his first buying trip in Europe, where he and Pryor purchased dolls in Barcelona, Paris and Berlin.

Science of Personal Achievement, taught at the Napoleon Hill Academy, promises that anyone can become "indispensable to others in his chosen field of endeavor." Holding the academy's teaching franchise in Minneapolis are **Rich Rollins** and **Bernie Allen**, two Minnesota irregulars who both would like to become indispensable to Manager Sam Mole in their chosen field of endeavor—namely, playing second base for the Twins. The two acknowledge the paradox facing them, and already are making minor adjustments in their positive thinking. "There are other positions we can play," says Allen. "The Twins aren't the only team," says Rollins.

That old urge to put yourself in, say, **Jimmy Clark's** seat can soon be fulfilled. **Carroll Shelby**, auto racing's shrewd manipulator of pistons and profit, has joined Hertz to provide renters with a super sports car named the Shelby GT-350-HL. The Shelby will have all the usual stuff, like superfluous horsepower, chromy lug nuts and spiffy racing stripes, plus extra-wide seatbelts just like real daring-do race drivers use. To heighten the drama further, a driver wishing to rent a Shelby with nonautomatic transmission must be "checked out." Meaning: you'd best learn how to shift gears before you drop into the driver's seat.

The owner of the Oilers, **Bud Adams**, was patting his hips and preparing to leave when the waiter who had served him a Scotch and water at a private Houston club muttered mysteriously: "If you ever want to make a favor to an Argentine, remember me." The favor **Eduardo Lloret** had in mind was for Adams to hold a football

while he showed off the powerful kick he had developed playing Rugby back home. Adams agreed, next day held while Lloret kicked the ball from the 50-yard line through the uprights. "Here," said Adams, producing a pen and contract.

Small as it is, Newberry, S.C., has its social problems. But then, too, it has Atlanta Braves pitcher **Billy O'Dell**. As director of Boys Farm, Inc., a shelter for homeless youth, O'Dell is chairman of a \$100,000 fund-raising drive in Newberry, his native town. "I have three adopted children of my own," says O'Dell. "I know what it is to be unwanted."

Having been more or less preoccupied with navigating Gemini 6 while other Texas deer hunters were blazing away on the ground (and running out the open season), **Walter Schirn Jr.** took rifle and son (*below*) to a private hunting preserve near San Antonio and not much later posed happily with an exotic kill. "It was more difficult than the rendezvous with Gemini 7," said the astronaut, obliging newsmen with a ho-ho quote, although he got his black buck antelope and Walter III his axis deer within the space of an hour.



Big rookie bonuses start a battle

Annoyed by the vast sums paid untried players, two San Diego All-Stars are bidding for \$1 million

Ernie Ladd was dealing the cards in his suite at Houston's Shamrock Hilton Hotel one afternoon last week when he was asked how much he thinks he is worth as a football player. "A million dollars," Ladd replied, goatee wagging. That put Ladd and Sid Gillman, the coach and general manager of the San Diego Chargers, roughly \$970,000 apart in their appraisals of the big tackle's value. Although Ladd did not know it at the time, Gillman already had done something to put them even farther apart. He had traded Ladd and Defensive End Earl Faison, both of whom were playing out their options with San Diego, to the Houston Oilers in a move that alarmed many professional football front offices and no doubt inspired a number of veterans to do some careful thinking about their own worth.

That Ladd and Faison had refused to sign new contracts with the Chargers and thus were traded would not have been unusual except for two things: They are superstars of the American Football League, and they had demanded bonuses. Every season dozens of pro football players finish the option year on their contracts and become free agents—legally free to negotiate new contracts with any team in either league. R. C. Owens did it when he moved from San Francisco to Baltimore and Ron Kramer did it when he moved from Green Bay to Detroit. What frightened pro football man-

agement, then, was not that Ladd and Faison were lawfully escaping from their San Diego contracts but that they used as their reason the vast sums currently being paid to rookies by both leagues.

If Oiler Owner Bud Adams could offer \$887,000 to rookie Donny Anderson—as Adams says he did—Ladd and Faison thought they should earn comparable paychecks. They asked Gillman for bonuses to sign new contracts. Gillman refused. "A bonus is something you should get once, the first time you sign," said Gillman. "If we started giving bonuses to all the veterans, we could be in trouble."

Ladd and Faison would have been given raises of about \$5,000 to \$8,000 in San Diego, but that did not satisfy them. In Houston they probably will have to settle for a good deal less than \$1 million. Adams and his new general manager, the very capable and popular young Don Klosterman, are quite aware that AFL owners—not to mention those in the NFL—feel it would be a dangerous precedent to upgrade veterans, who are simply victims of the times, to the pay scale of rookies.

"If Ladd and Faison get what they want," said one general manager, "every team in both leagues will be full of veterans playing out their options and wanting to bargain." Klosterman admits Ladd and Faison are a test case, but the Oilers found them too tempting to turn down.

On Klosterman's first day as Oiler general manager last week, he was approached by half a dozen members of the AFL All-Star team—in Houston to play the Buffalo Bills in what the AFL now calls the All-Star Bowl—who asked to be traded to the Oilers. "We want to play for the Duke," said one, referring to Klosterman.

Two of those who asked Klosterman to trade for them were Ladd and Faison, who did not know they already had been traded by Gillman the first week in January. When the announcement was made on the public-address system in the fourth quarter of the All-Star Bowl, Faison raised an arm in triumph, Ladd whooped with delight and their teammate, Paul Lowe, slammed down his helmet, kicked a towel and said, "I want to go, too."

Gillman was furious that the announcement was not held up until after the AFL's expansion draft. He accused

Bud Adams of tampering and said the reason the Chargers had not been able to sign Ladd and Faison was because Adams had been quoted as saying he would pay them a million dollars to play for him.

"I did not say that, and I would take a lie detector test to prove it," Adams said. "I'd like for Gillman and I both to take lie detector tests, but I'm sure Gillman wouldn't do it. What makes his complaint so ridiculous is that he offered to trade me Ladd and Faison even up for Charlie Hennigan [Oiler flanker] last July and I turned him down. The only time I mentioned money was a few weeks ago when I said I would be willing to put together a package that included George Blanda [quarterback] and \$100,000 for Ladd and Faison. But there is no cash involved in this deal."

Several AFL officials believe there must be an under-the-table payment to the Chargers, because trading Ladd and Faison—even in their uncertain condition—for Defensive End Gary Cutsinger, Corner Back Pete Jacques and Linebacker Johnny Baker makes no sense otherwise. Charger Owner Barron Hilton does not agree that the trade was lopsided. "I never interfere with Sid's decisions on personnel," said Hilton. "He felt this was best for our team, trading two players who had a bad attitude toward us for three who can help us." The Chargers will keep the three whether or not Klosterman can persuade Ladd and Faison to sign.

Ladd and Faison are not yet free agents and will not be until their San Diego contracts expire on May 1. "On May 1, if they haven't signed with Houston by then, these birds will be free to deal with either league," said AFL Commissioner Joe Foss. "Contrary to what most people believe, there is no agreement between the leagues not to take each other's players. We're approached every year by NFL players who want to play out their options and come with us. We just don't take them." It is the same in the NFL, although Ladd and Faison might be as tempting to some NFL clubs as they were to Houston. "I really don't believe the NFL will get into this," said Klosterman. "If they did, they'd be starting another war. We're already warring over rookies. If we began warring over veterans, too, it would wreck the game."

END

They laughed.



3000 B.C. Somebody invented the wheel. It was round and funny. And since the road wasn't invented yet, everybody laughed.



1879. The electric light bulb. It was so dim, people had to use a gas lamp to see it. They laughed.



1875. The telephone. Who'd want to stand and talk to a box full of wires? They laughed.



1877. The automobile sputtered down the road. The horse and buggy passed it like it was standing still. And it usually was.



1807. The first steamboat in America made it from New York to Albany in 32 hours. A small boy could've beat it in a rowboat. They laughed.



1903. The airplane. Off it soared into the wild blue yonder, down it came 59 seconds later. They laughed.



1950. The Volkswagen Station Wagon. It was square and homely. But it held almost twice as much as us-funny wagons, took 4 feet less space to park, never fraze up or balled over, and cost about half as much to run.

The VW Wagon is still a pretty funny sight. And people are still laughing. But the laughter is dying down.





BRIDGE / Charles Goren

You can make something out of nothing

A national bridge championship was lost recently largely because of a wrong guess over one of the game's more disputable plays, one in which normal rules seem both good and bad. Your partner has bad hearts. You have not raised him. It is your opening lead against an opponent's contract and your hearts are 8-4-3. Which heart do you lead? Probably 95% of all players would lead the 8. Probably 90% of all experts would lead the 3. Are the experts right?

If you always lead low from any three, even 4-3-2, then when you lead high your partner—and your opponents—can be sure you have at most a doubleton. Say you, as East, have bad hearts and South is playing four spades. West leads the 7 of hearts and follows the next lead with the 6. Who has the missing 5, West or South?

If West has it, a third heart lead will give declarer a ruff in one hand and a sluff in the other. But if South has the 5, a third heart may give West a chance for an overruff. If West always leads low from three and high from a doubleton, the defenders have an advantage.

But consider the cards at left. West leads the 5 and follows to the next lead with the 6. If he is leading low from three, East can afford to cash another heart. But if West has both the missing 8 and 7, a shift may be necessary. In this situation the low-from-any-three school is at a disadvantage. However, at right is the crucial deal, played in the Life Master Men's Pair championship in San Francisco, that shows another reason why many experts prefer the low lead.

North and South, Marshall Miles and Edwin Kantar, were in a close battle for the title with their immediate opponents, Alex Tschekaloff and Paul Soloway. South's no-trump overall was about the equivalent of an opening no-trump bid, and North's two clubs was a Stayman bid checking on the possibility of a 4-4 fit in spades.

Had West led the 8 of hearts, Kantar would have had no difficulty making game with an overtrick. He would have two heart stoppers and time to set up diamonds. But West's lead of the 3 of hearts gave Kantar a problem when East won the trick with the ace and returned the 6.

Had West led from the queen, the jack or the 8? As the cards actually were, Kantar could have played the 9 and won the trick. But the odds were 2 to 1 that West held

either the queen or the jack and Kantar had the additional hope that if West was holding the 8 he might still hold the queen or jack with it. In this case if South's 7 lost to the 8, Kantar could duck the third round and be safe. If West's third card were the jack, East could not afford to overtake. If it were the queen, the suit would be blocked. So Kantar correctly played the 7 of hearts and lost all chance for the title. Tschekaloff won with the 8 and continued hearts. East played the jack, knocking out South's king. As soon as South tackled the diamond suit, East grabbed the ace and won the setting tricks with his two good hearts.

Tschekaloff and Soloway went on to win the title. Kantar and Miles, who won the Open Teams later in the week, could finish no better than third.

West dealer

North-South vulnerable

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
WEST (Tschekaloff)	NORTH (Miles)	EAST (Soloway)	SOUTH (Kantar)
PASS	PASS	1♥	3 N.T.
PASS	2♣	PASS	PASS
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: 3 of hearts

[illegible]

Day in, year out, you're better off in a Full Service Bank—where you get full service for your money.



"The place where you keep your **checking account**."



Villefranche, built in 1755, is packed with period treasures in furniture, tapestries, paintings. The cars: a 1966 Ford XL and a hand-fitted Citroen Chapron.

Ford's Quiet Man reports from France:

"I was sure the Citroen Chapron would be quieter, because it is hand-made," said Count de Villefranche... but the new Ford XL quickly changed his opinion!



Ford's new Stereo Tape System

Count de Villefranche was amused when the Quiet Man, touring Europe, challenged him to test the extraordinary hush of Ford's 1966 XL... but he was intrigued. The French nobleman has two chateaux on his 2000-acre estate, a town

house in Paris, a villa in Rome... and a polished appreciation for everything excellent.

He met the Quiet Man at the gates of Chateau Villefranche with the most exclusive car made in France today, a hand-crafted Citroen Chapron "Majestic." The "springs" of this car are spheres of nitrogen, compressed by oil. The body is all leather-lined, even the roof, and every part is fitted by hand.

It is a very quiet car. But when the Count finished driving the Ford XL he said: "It seems to me most remarkable a factory-made car like this could be

more quiet, more grand luxe than a car made individually by the craftsman."

The Quiet Man agreed that it is remarkable... but not when you consider the tremendous resources of Ford engineering, the great strength of the body, the refinements like "recessive" front wheels that flex horizontally a trifle to take the thump out of bumps.

Count de Villefranche was fascinated by the Ford, particularly by the new Stereo Tape System. He exclaimed: "What wonderful sound... it is like the whole orchestra was in the auto!" You will be fasci-

nated too, when you drive an XL like the one Count de Villefranche tested. Try one, soon.



A miniature Snell to quicken the indoor pulse

Half-miler Tommy Farrell, who was blooded amid the flying elbows and crowded board tracks of the tough New York circuit, is a pint-sized version of the New Zealand Olympian, even to the point of breaking records

Draw him as rabid, describe him as fanatical and color him gray-smoke, the sluglike hue of the world he lives in on cold winter nights. The devout follower of indoor track is all these things, and last season he was something worse—frustrated. Stopwatch at the ready, his fierce appetite for competition and fast times whetted by the return from Tokyo of masses of Olympic heroes and heroines, he had to settle—with one heartening exception—for cameo appearances of athletes gone stale.

Fortunately, his hunger no longer need go unappeased. The quick, lithe men and women who run, jump and throw are now ready to play in earnest. Jim Ryun, the Kansas freshman, is out with the flu this week but has already run a 4:02.1 indoor mile. Kipchoge Keino, the astonishing distance runner from Kenya, makes the first of two or three indoor appearances at the Los Angeles Invitational this weekend. John Pennel thinks he can clear at least 17 feet in the pole vault. The brightest light of the winter, however, may be 22-year-old Tommy Farrell, an undergraduate at St. John's University in New York and a product of a high school athletic program that embraces indoor track with the fervor usually reserved for basketball in Indiana and football in Texas.

Tommy Farrell is a middle-distance runner who can quicken a pulse just by stepping out on the track. He has won races slithering past the leader on the pole, by stopping short and bursting around the field on the outside or simply by jumping into the lead at the starter's gun and setting a world-record pace that leaves his opposition struggling like men wading in water. These tactics and his natural speed have made Farrell the best half-miler in the U.S. The remarkable thing about him, though, is that until

two years ago he had never broken 1:52 in his specialty, an oversight that would not even have ranked him with the best high school half-milers in this country. He resembled a world-class middle-distance runner in only one, albeit not too helpful, respect. His flaring ears, curly hair, wide-set eyes and pleasant, boyish features gave him a striking likeness to Peter Snell. Peter Snell in miniature, that is. At 5 feet 7 Farrell was four inches shorter than the Olympic 800 and 1,500-meter champion, and he weighed a good 30 pounds less than Snell's muscular 170.

Farrell has added absolutely nothing to his physical stature—indeed, he has subtracted five pounds from it. His rangy stature, however, has been something else again since the early spring of 1964 when, along with the crouches, he began to blossom in exciting and unexpected ways. By late May, after barely qualifying for the final, he won the ICA 880 championship in a brisk 1:49.5. Three weeks later he shot sideways through a gap about wide enough to accommodate a javelin and won the NCAA 800-meter title by a stride in 1:48.5. Two weeks later he finished fourth at the first Olympic tryouts, was second in the final tryouts in September and beat out teammate Jerry Siebert for fifth place in the rugged Olympic final at Tokyo with an excellent clocking of 1:46.6. In five months Farrell, just out of his teens, had improved his best performance by a full five seconds and had taken everyone by surprise. When, amid the quiet doings of last indoor season, he set a world record for 880 yards (1:49.8) in the New York AC Games and beat an old rival, Canada's Bill Crothers, in the bargain, nobody was surprised any longer.

"It's a funny thing," says his St. John's coach, 30-year-old Steve Bartold, "he

doesn't even look like an athlete. He's just too small. But when he gets on a track he looks bigger, much stronger, more forceful."

Undoubtedly there is an infield full of minor reasons why Farrell made such an astonishing breakthrough in 1964. Coach Bartold thinks it may be the fact that he fed his charge on a diet of quarter miles, in individual races and in mile relays, in lieu of the usual heavy program of half

continued



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TRACK

miles. This left Farrell rested and sharp for the climax of the outdoor season. Farrell agrees and adds that the five pounds he lost that year helped.

"I could feel the excess weight in my rear and in my thighs," says Farrell, demonstrating his point with a sort of competitive version of the twist. "It would swing my body from side to side."

Probably the most significant reason for Farrell's sudden prominence, however, is that he had become a mature product of one of the best track factories in the world, the metropolitan area's parochial prep and high schools. These are the schools that gave the U.S. Olympic teams of 1956 and 1960 their best half-milers, Tom Courtney and Tom Murphy. Each year they feed talent into eastern Catholic colleges which, like the schools, are in their most frenetic spell of activity during the indoor season. Five major indoor meets at Madison Square Garden fill out their programs with high school relays. So do two in Boston, one in Philadelphia and dozens in lesser conference and regional meets every weekend. The winter track season, with its big crowds packed in tightly around the athletes, is a heady source of excitement that lasts four months. After it the outdoor season is almost an anticlimax.

"The Catholic high schools just seem to be very well organized," says Bartold, a graduate of non-Catholic Sewanhaka High School on Long Island. "There are midjet groups and submidjet groups, 110-pound groups and 127-pound groups. Brothers doing this and Brothers doing that. Why, there are 250 kids on the track team at Archbishop Molloy where Tommy went to school. It's a circus."

As a freshman at Molloy, Farrell tried out for the baseball team as a pitcher, but was cut, probably because he lacked size. He joined the mob scene at the track. In his sophomore year he suffered such a bad case of fallen arches that he could hardly walk for a month, but by his junior year he was caught up in the high school two-mile relay race that makes practically every runner in the New York area want to be a half-miler. As a senior at Molloy he won the national scholastic indoor 1,000 yard, but outdoors achieved a distinctly modest best of 1:54.3 at the 880.

If Farrell's first three years in college were nothing to write home about, that was no problem; he never left home. His world was tightly bounded by the

red-brick and white-stucco house his family has owned for 30 years on a quiet, tree-shaded street in Forest Hills, just a warmup jog from the tennis stadium and a 15-minute commute away from the shiny new, pale-tan buildings at St. John's, nearly a mile from Molloy. At home he enjoyed a normal routine with his nonathletic father, a representative for New York's Health Insurance Plan, his mother, a refreshing and cheerful former high school basketball player, his teen-age sister Mary, who typically spends most of her spare time on the telephone, his brothers Kevin, who is 7, and Peter, 18 (now at Notre Dame). At St. John's he majored in nothing more outlandish than marketing and maintained a reliable C+ average. Even his running was no more than routinely successful, there never being any call for him to compete any farther away than Quantico, Va. or Hamilton, Ont.

But in his unspectacular way he was learning to practice hard. Unlike Snell, or Germany's Jürgen May, who work up from the half mile, Farrell is a half-miler who works down to the quarter. He thus does not need the prodigious quantity of distance training that the longer-distance runners must log. Yet during peak conditioning periods he will put in up to 30 miles a week on the



FARRELL FLASHES HIS WINNER'S SMILE

(track, most of them in successive sprints at 220 or 440 yards. He has developed a powerful finishing kick that he can maintain for 220 yards.

Having been raised on the tight turns and flying elbows that abound indoors, Farrell has developed a very sharp sense of tactics. As Crothers says, "Farrell can run according to the competition"—a rare quality. In his first major success, the 1964 NCAA championship in Eugene, Ore., it was Farrell's sense of the race that actually won for him.

"Coming out of a turn you always have a tendency to drift wide," says Farrell. "In that race I was boxed on the inside coming off the last turn, but I worked hard to stay by the curb and, when John Garrison [of San Jose State] just ahead of me drifted, I was able to squeeze by on his left."

Getting boxed in is a hard-to-avoid circumstance that happens to the best tacticians, but a truly fine one like Farrell usually can find the escape hatch. At the final Olympic tryouts he came pounding out of the last turn with three runners stretched across the track in front of him like a phalanx of Alabama police and another, Barry Sugden, pressing in on the right. Farrell simply slowed almost to a halt to let Sugden move ahead, then swerved to the outside with a burst of speed that carried him all the way to Tokyo. He delivered a similar tactical thrust last June in winning his second NCAA half-mile title.

When Farrell beat Crothers and broke Peter Snell's world indoor 880 record last winter his tactics were completely different. He simply started fast, kept up the pace and then turned on his winning kick two steps before Crothers tried to mount his. This winter Farrell is stronger than ever, pushing himself through workouts on St. John's outdoor track that are at least 10% harder and faster than those of a year ago. The maturing half-miler, buoyed by the confidence that success and experience have given him, vows to run several more of these pace-setting races.

"I'll go just as fast as I can from start to finish in some races at 600, 880 and 1,000 yards," he says. "I don't know whether it will work, but I want to see what happens."

With Tom Farrell, records could happen. They would be the centerpieces for a season that promises to be fast from start to finish.

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Someday, when John Galbreath is about 126 years old and suddenly finds himself with no more skyscrapers to build, no towns to move, no great stallions to smuggle out of Europe and no critical problems with which to confront baseball's owners, he will die, and the next day's papers will contain the sort of extravagant praise that truly larger-than-life men seldom have a chance to read about themselves. But none of the eulogies will approach the tacit eloquence of the road sign outside Mount Sterling, Ohio. It says HOME OF JOHN W. GALBREATH, and it doesn't explain, presuming that if you don't know who Galbreath is you don't know where you are anyway.

Actually, there is much unknown about Galbreath, even in Ohio's Madison and Pickaway counties, because this earnest little giant has hustled in unobtrusive, almost diffident ways his considerable wondrous to perform, ever since he threw his 116 pounds into action as Mount Sterling High School's fullback, about the time Doras and Rockne were showing the world an easier way than three yards and a cloud of dust. There is no way the nonachieving bulk of a society can really understand the superachiever like Galbreath, a man who regularly changes the faces of large cities with strokes of his pen, yet who strives as unceasingly and mightily for success as he did when he was waiting on tables to make tuition at Ohio University, 50 years and many millions of dollars ago.

There is, however, this clue to the essence of John Galbreath: he is a fan. A sucker fan, the worst and the best kind. Only a fan could have loved the dreary band of Pittsburgh Pirates who began nibbling at Galbreath's bankroll in 1946 and had gobbled up \$1,900,000 after 12 years. It would take several generations of Chateaugays to bring back the fortune he has invested in horse racing. And Galbreath's patronage of Ohio State, "helping" the university to attract such talent as Vic Janowicz and Jerry Lucas, can never avail him anything but a box on the 50-yard line and the right to sing *Fight the Team* as loudly as the most wide-eyed sophomore.

More significantly, however, John Wilmer Galbreath is a fan of the free-enterprise system, an all-season sport in which he can be a participant, a star—a superstar. If Darby Dan Farm, with its Ohio bluegrass, and the Pirates, even without Galbreath's pet, Danny Murtaugh, are his toys, so is the whole open market. To young John Galbreath, counting his money as he left the Athens, Ohio campus in 1920, real estate was going to be an adventure, an arena in which he could match his wits and his powers of persuasion against any man's. Like most young men, Galbreath believed he could win the game within the rules. Unlike most elderly men, Galbreath today can look back on a

continued

SUPERFAN AND SUPER ACHIEVER

BY JACK MANN

One of the real movers and shakers in horse racing and baseball, multimillionaire Ohioan John W. Galbreath is also a star performer in the all-season sport of free enterprise

50-year record that bears out his early belief. His hungry-eagle mien would frighten some men away from a poker table, but if they gave a Lady Byng trophy for sportsmanship in the big league of real estate, Galbreath would have retired it years ago. If Galbreath has any detractors, either in sport or business, they are as hard to find as atheists in the Vatican.

Galbreath is a multimillionaire, and the ruling heads of horse racing and baseball capitulate repeatedly on his capacity as a getter-of-things-done—planning of the “super” track at Aqueduct, resolution of baseball’s expansion crisis of 1960, modernization of the Saratoga racing plant, refinement of baseball’s pension plan in 1957, re-creation of Belmont Park and the search for a successor to Ford Frick are all projects of which Galbreath took charge, officially and otherwise. He is certainly not the wealthiest man in America, nor the most powerful. He is, however, one of the few very rich, very powerful men who can sing impassioned praises of free economy without sounding like the keynoter at a political fund-raising dinner. He speaks often of the pride and glory of private ownership, as many successful men do, yet he can make the case for success without embarrassing an audience of failures. He can because, insofar as the concept of enlightened self-interest can be epitomized, it is the story of John Galbreath’s life.

It would enhance the Horatio Alger (an award he won in 1960) aspect of the story to say it began in Galbreath’s birthplace, Derby, Ohio, when he started selling horse radish at age 10. But, Galbreath says, “All the kids did that. We just dug up the roots and grated them. My father had a farm kind of farm, the small kind you don’t see much anymore. We didn’t have much, so we all had to work. But we weren’t poor. We had enough.” Not enough to send a son through college, but young John had a sideline to his dishwashing and table-waiting at Ohio U. “I had a darkroom set up in the basement,” he says. “I used to go around to the schools and take pictures of the kids and sell them to the parents.”

The money Galbreath counted after graduation came to a bit more than \$100, and he knew what he had to do with it. “You couldn’t sell real estate in 1920 without a car,” he says, “so I used it as a down payment on a Model T. The balance was \$700. By the time I made the first \$100 payment, after three months, the full price was down to \$600. Three months later it was \$500. After six months I owed a balance the same as a new car was worth.” Galbreath had misjudged Henry Ford’s capacity to mass-produce the horseless carriage. There would be a few times when he would overestimate the viability of the capitalist system, but never again would he underestimate it. He and his Model T plunged into the wonders of Ohio real estate with a howl—has-this-been-going-on fervor, and free enterprise went to work for John Galbreath forevermore.

“Yes, I suppose I do have just about everything I want,” Galbreath said recently, guiding his Lincoln convertible skillfully over the winding road of 3,900-acre Darby Dan

Farm, a few miles from his birthplace. “But that’s not all there is to success. Success is what a man thinks it is.”

In his three-score-and-eight (a figure barely credible to a “young” man after dogging the 120-steps-per-minute pace of Darby Dan’s squire through an all-day tour of two farms), Galbreath has never taken an alcoholic beverage orally. He inhaled a little, however, on Oct. 13, 1960, the day he became The Man Who Has Everything. Shortly before 4 o’clock that afternoon Yogi Berra leaped forlornly toward the left-field wall of Forbes Field and became a spectator as Bill Mazeroski’s home run sailed over the trees to end one of the most implausible World Series in history. After 14 years of Dino Restelli and Clem Koschorek and Ron Necciai and accounts payable for the annual seine haul of bonus boys who couldn’t even look like baseball players, John Galbreath had a world champion. Hugging Manager Murtaugh in the champagne haze of the clubhouse as the Pirates showered each other in baseball’s most orgasmic ritual of the past decade, Galbreath could have counted a number of other assets.

In shining splendor at 150 East 42nd Street in Manhattan towered his Socony Mobil building, 42 stories and \$43 million of what *FORTUNE* termed “one of the most skillfully executed deals in real estate history”; negotiated, built and owned by the Galbreath Corporation, only one of many projects but standing symbolically as the centerpiece of an empire that was grossing more than \$75 million annually and would soon approach \$100 million.

In sheening splendor at the other Darby Dan (the “little” 618-acre Kentucky Darby Dan at Lexington) stood Mr. and Mrs. Galbreath’s splendid stallion Swaps, his and her half each looking worth at least the \$1 million each chapped in for him. Several stalls away stood the newcomer, Ribot, the Rocky Marciano of European racing, unbeaten in 16 starts, only one of which really exerted him, and Galbreath’s for five years for a \$1,350,000 rental. Between them stood Sailor, the great speedball Decathlon, Helioscope and old Errard, and Summer Tan, Mrs. Galbreath’s pet, whose mistake was being foaled in the year of Swaps and Nashua. If there was anything to the theories of breeding—and Galbreath is a devout believer in the bloodstock traditions—that stallion barn contained the seeds of a Kentucky Derby winner.

The winner was on the grounds already, though nobody suspected it. Swaps’s first union with Banquet Bell had produced the filly Primonetta, Galbreath’s first real champion, and they had been brought together again. On Feb. 29, 1960, Banquet Bell had brought forth a chestnut colt that looked just like his daddy, a record-wrecker who is, in the consensus of expert horsemen, the handsomest steed since Man o’ War. But in that fall of 1960, when Chateaugay was taken from his mother, the father-son resemblance was strictly visual.

In the bluegrass paddocks Chateaugay did not gambol

with the abandon of the other weanlings, and when he tried he pulled up wheezing like an asthmatic. "It was a little valve in his throat," says Galbreath. "It's not uncommon and it could be corrected." Galbreath, whether he is considering the structural "adjustments" necessary to make a 42-story building feasible in the earthquake belt of Los Angeles or changing the composition of Ohio soil, recognizes few problems that cannot be solved by common sense. A sensible surgeon was called in, and Chateaugay's pipes were repaired.

Chateaugay raced only five times as a 2-year-old. "We mostly just weed out our horses in the 2-year-old season," said Jim Conway, Darby Dan's trainer at the time. "These people aren't interested in winning races. They want to develop a classic horse." Chateaugay didn't appear classic after three quarters of a mile at Churchill Downs in May 1963. Laying 10 lengths off the leaders, he seemed to be running like the 9-to-1 shot he was tabbed. In the final sixteenth, however, he ran down the gallant Never Bend to win a clear victory.

Most horsemen solemnly agree that the Kentucky Derby is the carnival antithesis of all that is pure and fine in Thoroughbred racing, an ill-timed, overlong rodeo for callow 3-year-olds on a questionable racing surface. But Galbreath the fan prevailed over Galbreath the classicist that afternoon at Louisville. In the Pirates' clubhouse he had said no thrill could ever match beating the Yankees in a World Series. But the Derby was something else. "Nobody can possibly know how really thrilled you can be until he experiences it," Galbreath said. "I guess you'd say that we've hit our peak in both sports now." And, he estimated at the time, the heights had been sealed on an investment of slightly more than \$5 million in racing and marginally less in baseball.

Chateaugay put his credentials beyond question when he won the Belmont, too, rolling the mile and a half over a sticky track with the ease of—well, Ribot, twice winner of France's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe and sire of two sons who won it. All indications were that Chateaugay would reach full fruition as a handicap horse, but ankle trouble plagued him through his 4-year-old season. When he ran badly at Hialeah early in 1965, Galbreath hustled him to Lexington for a late start in the stud, despite Conway's outspoken desire to "persist with the horse."

"They're real people," Conway said at the time. "As fine owners as I've dealt with. But primarily they're breeders. They're worried about his value in the stud if he gets beat. Hell, you could sell him for a million right now."

Olin Gentry, the soft-selling hardboiled who manages Darby Dan's breeding operations, mutes his oaths into euphemisms like "karsh" when there are ladies present. He said karsh one afternoon last October as Mr. and Mrs. Galbreath and some visitors sat on camp chairs outside a barn at Lexington to see Chateaugay paraded before them. Always big and bright-eyed, the horse had "filled out," as stallions do when they grow older and are allowed to lead

a more natural life than the stern, artificial regimen of racing, and the sun glittered on his rich chestnut coat. "Karsh," Gentry said. "I never seen a better-looking horse than Swaps, but crony if this one ain't close to him."

"Has the same rear end," Galbreath said expansively. "See that good, long muscle—not all knotted up. He looks like a stud horse already."

Half an hour earlier Galbreath's private plane (the four-seater, because the 10-seater was in for repairs) had landed at Lexington airport and his chauffeur, Robert, was waiting. "We'll car first," Galbreath said, glancing at his watch. "Just a sandwich. Then we'll have time to look at some of the weanlings." Robert carefully braked the car in front of the airport restaurant, aware that Galbreath's door is always open and one leg is out before the car makes a complete stop. "We'll be here from 12 to 15 minutes," he told Robert.

John Galbreath is not usually so vague about the timing of his appointments, but this was a heady day. Sea Bird, winner of the Epsom Derby and the French Arc, was in the air, headed for Lexington to join Darby Dan's stallion band. He had been leased for five years for \$1,500,000, "just a little more" than Ribot's rental, and assignments had been made for him with 28 mares, three of them Galbreath's and one his wife's. "I already gave him a check," said Dorothy Bryan Galbreath. "I deal with my husband as if he were a total stranger. After all, I've only been married to him for 10 years."

(Mrs. Galbreath then told a tale out of school. Widowed by the death of Russell Firestone in 1951, she had married Galbreath, a widower, in 1955. After a couple of years they had combined their racing stables under Darby Dan colors, and the marriage was otherwise eminently successful also—except for a few minor details that had not worked out exactly as she had envisioned. If these little things really troubled her, Mrs. Galbreath's sister had suggested, why did she not simply go to John and tell him so? "I thought about it for a minute," Mrs. Galbreath said, "and then I said: 'Well, I don't know him that well.'")

After 10 years she knew her husband well enough to realize that the arrival of Sea Bird would not be the only thing to occupy John's Sunday, and Mrs. Galbreath was prepared for an exacting day. It began with 8:30 breakfast, later than usual because there were houseguests in the sprawling ranch-house on the bank of Darby Creek. By orange-juice time Galbreath had read Coach Woody Hayes's explanations of Ohio State's weird 11-10 conquest of Minnesota the day before and noted that the local press was less than assiduous in second-guessing Hayes's decision not to try an easy field goal in the fading minutes of the first half.

Though Galbreath in word and deed is a faithful alumnus of Ohio University, having served on its board of trustees for 24 years and erected a chapel on the campus as a shrine to his first wife, whom he met there, he is clearly an Ohio

continued

State huff. On the eve of the homecoming game he had been host to hundreds, including Hayes and many of his faculty brothers, most of the press, other visiting firemen in town for the game and assorted OSU followers, in Darby House, the spacious, well-appointed party hall Galbreath maintains at Darby Dan for such purposes.

"I don't see any conflict there," Galbreath says. "If you live around Columbus you just are an Ohio State fan because . . . well, because football is so big around here." Columbus is Galbreath's town, and he goes to Rotary whenever he can. But he budgets his time for rooting as he budgets his time for everything, and he may have been the only fan within 100 miles of Broad and High Streets who was through talking about the Ohio State victory before he finished breakfast that Sunday morning.

"Look here," he said between pancakes, ushering a visitor to the window. He pointed to a large flock of geese, gathered on an island in Darby Creek. "Real Canadian honkers. They stop here every year. We really enjoy them."

Breakfast was over, and it was almost time to go watch a set of yearlings gallop. But not quite. "Have you seen Graustark?" he asked, glancing at his watch. Not too many people have seen Graustark, who raced three times as a 2-year-old last season before being stopped with splint trou-

ble. Ribot, in his nine seasons, has gotten some outstanding runners (witness the one-two finish of Tim Roffe and Dapper Dan in the 1965 Preakness), but Graustark in his three easy victories appeared to be Darby Dan's first Ribot product who might be "more than just a horse."

"This is just film patrol," Galbreath said, setting up the projector, "but you can get an idea how easily he does it." The films showed how easily Graustark won, up to three-quarters of a mile. "Looks as if he'd want to go on, doesn't it?" Galbreath said as the film ended. "Sometimes these things happen for the best. He may be a better 3-year-old because he wasn't overraced at 2."

(It would be nice if Graustark wins Galbreath some prizes at 3, because he cost him a trainer at 2. When August came and Graustark was still heading a division of horses trained by Olaf Gentry's nephew, Lloyd, Jim Conway submitted his resignation. "They never told me anything about Graustark, or any of those horses they sent to St. Lucie last winter," Conway said. "I could see the way things were. Mr. Galbreath came to my house and said he'd let me have the horse, but I said it was too late." This obviously disturbed Galbreath, whose first question recently to a mutual acquaintance was how Jimmy was doing. Jimmy, he was told, had 12 horses in his public stable and seemed to be doing well

THREE ACES AT STUD: AN \$8.5 MILLION POT

RIBOT, the Italian stallion, has not mellowned with age (14) and has regular temper tantrums, especially when he is too close to

SWAPS, also foaled in the vintage year of 1952 and purchased by Galbreath for \$2 million. In the open market, these two plus



enough. "I'm glad," Galbreath said. "He's a good fellow and he deserves the best.")

"Why," he said suddenly to the houseguest who stood at parade rest in the living room, "do you have your hat on?"

"I keep my hat on when I'm with you," the houseguest said. "I never know when we'll be going somewhere." Minutes later the party was at the grandstand of the nine-furlong training track. "That's Lake Chateaugay in the middle of the infield," Galbreath said. "This was all lowland, and we had to fill it in." Four yearlings passed in review, the exercise boys stopping them for inspection. "That's the Gallant Man," Galbreath said, "and the Bold Ruler. Look as big as 2-year-olds, don't they?" The yearlings galloped easily and pulled up at the far turn. "I like that Hal to Reason colt," Galbreath said. "He's got a real easy way of going. Real good action. I think he's a router."

The first act of the yearling show was over, and it was time to move on. While live persons moved hesitantly toward three cars, Galbreath demonstrated the fundamental error a Mount Sterling football coach committed many years ago by making a fullback of a boy who was born to call signals. "George will drive these folks to the airport in that car," he said. George would drive them to Galbreath's private 4,700-foot landing strip to be flown to

the Columbus airport, "because it would be silly to drive."

"You take that car back to the house," he instructed Mrs. Galbreath, "and we'll go in this one, so we'll have 10 minutes to talk." The convertible rolled past some of the 35 miles of white fence, pointed by hand by Janowicz and other athletes working their way through Ohio State until a machine was conceived that did it more efficiently. Suddenly the car halted, and Galbreath was out of it before the springs stopped rocking. "Here," he said, leaping to the second plank of the five-foot fence and vaulting over the top into a field of grass. "I want you to see something. Ever see better bluegrass than that?" The visitor accepted the handful of grass and agreed that it was as green as any he had seen behind the barns at Louisville.

"We grow our own," Galbreath said as the convertible hurtled over dirt roads and across a wooden bridge over Darby Creek. "Hay, alfalfa, oats—but not all our own because we want the nutritional benefits that might come from the soil in other parts. We plant about 1,200 acres. That field there has been planted in clover, but next year it'll be hay. The man in charge of the planting and the soil, rotating the crops, is a retired professor of agronomy at Ohio State. That's all he does now, full time."

The car stopped again at a pen that contained whinetype vices. "We keep about 400 of them," Galbreath said. "Oh, we make a profit on the beef, but it's a byproduct. We want them because they're good for the soil. If you research it I think you'll find the English breeding farms that have produced the best horses over the years are those that have cattle. Our bluegrass paddocks are almost completely free of parasites, and parasites kill more horses than anything."

Passing a heavily wooded area surrounded by a chain fence, Galbreath pointed. "We have deer in there," he said, "and American buffalo. Too bad you can't see any now. We really like them. This woodland here isn't used for anything, but we keep it that way because it looks so pretty."

"This is the part that would really make a fine golf course," Galbreath said, pulling the car up a deep grassy slope and stopping. "Look at those cattle grazing on those rolling hills. So peaceful and so beautiful. Right behind us, that's an Indian burial mound. They wanted to dig it up, but we want to keep it the way it is. I love this spot here better than any place in the world. It's so peaceful."

More peaceful than the Continental Can building at 633 Third Avenue, New York, or the Erieview redevelopment on the Cleveland lakefront or the Columbus boardroom at 100 East Broad Street or the Hong Kong suburb where Galbreath hopes to build at least 10,000 units in housing.

Flying to Lexington to see his horses, Galbreath had said, was such a joy that he'd like to be able to do it once every couple of weeks. "But we just don't have the time," Mrs. Galbreath said. He'd like to see more of his Pirates, too. "I guess I don't see more than 15 games a year," Galbreath said.

It will be simple enough for Galbreath to liquidate a few assets and just relax. He and several generations of

SLA BIRD, French champion owned by Darby. Due for \$200,000 a year, probably would bring a price in excess of \$8 million.



continued

Gallbreaths could then take in Hialeah and Saratoga and follow the Buckeys and the Pirates and hunt and fish, or just sit on that Indian mound and watch the cattle grazing. So why, at age 68, does he keep two planes and four pilots busy, going from appointment to appointment, hustling like an undersized short-stop trying to make the varsity at Mount Sterling High School? There are valid reasons why a man strenuously active for 50 years ought not stop work completely, but is there a reason why he should knock himself out?

"Be-cause," Gallbreath said, and he struck karate blows on the steering wheel in cadence with the words that followed heartily and happily: "Be-cause it's so damned much fun. That's why. There's no nonsense about that."

"The thing about success is the desire and the motivation. As Branch Rickey said, they're the important things, and if a man has them he can be successful. Some people aren't interested in success; they want security. I'm not against that, because success is what a man wants it to be. Part of success is to be doing what you want to do."

The sandwich at the Lexington airport took almost 22 minutes, but there still was time to inspect weanlings before Sea Bird was due. The chauffeur wheeled the party up to the barn, where Olin Gentry was waiting and camp chairs were set out. The first filly, Gentry noted, was "a little straight in the pasterns." Her sire was Ribot. "Not too straight when she walks," Gallbreath observed.

Gentry's praise of the second filly, by Swaps out of Doncharger, was also faint. "She's got a lot of class, Olin," Gallbreath said. Mrs. Gallbreath made a double check in her book for the next filly—by Swaps-Mah Pak—and Gallbreath pointed out that the dam was one of the Aly Khan mares he had spoken about on the plane. A Swaps colt, Gentry said, was rather on the spare side. "I don't care if they're not big, heavy things," Gallbreath said. "They can go a long way."

Head winds made Sea Bird late, but he had shipped well. He was neither

"broken out" (sweating) nor trembling when he came down the ramp. Gallbreath sighed deeply when the liver-colored 3-year-old was bedded down for the night, and not only because the doctor had found that a cut in the bottom of his left front hoof was not serious and his temperature was a normal 100.5°. The problem of buying or leasing a European stallion is not one of direct bargaining, in which Gallbreath has never had difficulty, but a question of what the neighbors will say. While there is much optimistic talk about the happy blending of American and European bloodlines, the traffic in really outstanding stallions has been pretty much one-way. From Navvallah and Principeillo through Ribot, the good ones have gone West. "They can't, or won't, pay the cost of our good stallions," Gallbreath said, "and there is resentment when we take one away from Europe." The grumbling about the Yankee dollar was especially audible in the case of Ribot, who had seemed to come closest to the 56-year goal of his breeder, the late Federico Tesio. "... to breed and raise a horse which, over any distance, could carry the heaviest weight in the shortest time." When the stall door was closed on Sea Bird, Gallbreath seemed to have spirited him off the Continent with a minimum of fuss, and he was relieved.

The reason for the secrecy about the negotiations to renew Ribot's lease last year, Gallbreath said at the time, was that premature publicity might stir opposition and balk the deal. This would mean not only failure but embarrassment, and Gallbreath finds them equally distasteful. He remembers his attempt to gain control of the Terminal Group, the 35-acre core of Cleveland's downtown, in 1950. His venture, widely publicized as a success, collapsed on the eve of the signing. Preliminary engineering and planning work cost Gallbreath an irretrievable \$100,000, but that wasn't what annoyed him most. He fretted that people would call him a showoff for announcing the deal prematurely. He was afraid people would doubt his word.

The sanctity of the word has always been so important to Gallbreath that he

uses very few of them. He prides himself on having succeeded as a grand-seale salesman without using con. "If you can't say it directly, it's better unsaid," is a quotation attributed to him. "I don't know whether I ever put it exactly that way," Gallbreath said recently, "but I know you have to be forthright with a man. He can't have trust in you unless he knows he can believe what you say."

Gallbreath has a habit of returning to the scenes of his projects to reassure himself that he did not mislead anyone. A few years ago he checked back on his first major selling job, an idea born of Depression desperation which burgeoned into the first of the Gallbreath package deals. "Thirty million dollars' worth of property changed hands," Gallbreath says proudly, "and nobody lost a dime."

Within two years after he had left Ohio U., Gallbreath found his adventure as a real-estate salesman rewarding enough to go into business for himself. He was doing well up to 1929. By the early 1930s a number of banks and insurance companies in Ohio, as everywhere else, found themselves in the real-estate business. They were loaded with foreclosed properties and there were no takers. Gallbreath had no money either, but he had an idea. There were a number of citizens around Columbus who hadn't been hustled out, and he suggested they use their own free-and-clear holdings as security to buy the foreclosed properties, to be resold at a better time. "I sold them the idea," Gallbreath says, "but they had the faith. They believed in the future of this country." They believed \$7 million worth in the Columbus area, and Gallbreath collected a 5% fee as agent. He had made the ogre of Depression work for him, and in the process he had saved the fiscal structure of his community from complete collapse. He had raised the ante for the first of his package deals, the sale of 297 Akron, Ohio houses in one transaction in 1937.

Gallbreath had arrived, and his spectacular success became the topic, as success will, of jibes from his colleagues and/or competitors. The guy ("I think his name was Miller") might have been kidding at that Ohio Association of Real Estate Boards meeting in 1941 when

he said: "John, how would you like to buy a town?" Galbreath asked some questions. The Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation was disturbed about the decrepit condition of its company town, one of the vestiges of feudalism that had been regenerated by the industrial revolution at McDonald, Ohio. The tenant workers, it seemed, felt more like sharecroppers than shareholders and let "their" town go to pot for lack of initiative to maintain, much less improve, it. Galbreath bought the town, 275 houses for \$600,000, a third cash and the balance a mortgage from a lending institution that was perhaps amazed but certainly convinced by Galbreath's straightforward line of persuasion. After paint, putty and plumbing, he offered the houses back to tenants at down payments as low as 10% and sold them all.

That was the first of "40 or more" rehabilitations of company towns around the United States, Galbreath says. An associate puts the figure closer to 60. In any case, considering that some of the projects made landed gentry of tenants for as little as \$16 a month, they are only marginally significant in the making of Galbreath's fortune. "There isn't much profit in them," he says. "But that's not the point. The idea is to do something constructive for people. I've never had a greater pleasure than sitting across a table from a man and handing him a document that says his home is his own. This is the only country in the world where there are more owners than tenants, and that's its real strength.

"Oh, it's a delight to be in a position to be able to give people pride and motivation. You should see the improvements they make. We checked one project a year after it was finished, and the people had spent a million dollars of their own money. They had acquired a sense of dignity."

John Galbreath served coffee in silver on the wall-to-wall comfort of his offices at 100 East Broad Street and discussed his little projects for the people. He was taking time from the big projects—"about 15 of them," he said, "not including a number of operations already done, which we have to supervise." Such

continued



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SUPERFAN *continues*

as the Socony Mobil and Continental Can edifices in New York, and the U.S. Steel-Mellon Bank building on Williams Penn Place in Pittsburgh. It had been a long time between the Model T and the Lincoln, between Horseradish and Hong Kong, between Tommy Boy and Sea Bird.

"I was a polo player back in the '30s," Galbreath said. "Not a very good one, but I bought Tommy Boy for \$400 because I wanted to breed some polo ponies. I bought some mares for \$100 each from a man at a county fair at Dayton. We ran the mares at Beulah Park [outside Columbus] and won some races." The first winner was Martha Long, on May 17, 1935, and it was also a long way from her to Primonetta.

Driving to the Lexington airport after Sea Bird had been put to bed, Mrs. Galbreath was struggling for a name for a colt by Swaps out of Big Effort. She wanted the name to be special because she had decided the colt would be. "I hate to waste a good name," she said, "I named a colt David Harum, which I thought was a delightful name for a Swaps colt, but he couldn't run."

The men were discussing the weanlings and the prospects. Primonetta was in foal to Bold Ruler, for example. There is always some question of the ability of Bold Ruler progeny to "carry their speed," but Gentry, two bourbons to the good while the boss had a cup of tea, suggested that wouldn't be a problem if the mother was Primonetta. She had won the Alabama Stakes, which is the classic race for a filly to win. "That's a mile and a quarter," Galbreath said, "and if it had been a mile and a half she'd have won by more." No, sir, the men agreed, there wasn't any question that a colt by Bold Ruler out of Primonetta would carry his speed. Nor, the way they spoke, any doubt that the foal would be a colt. Then there was that yearling colt out of one of Aly Khan's Nearco mares.

"Well, anyway," Mrs. Galbreath said, "we're having fun liking what we got." And wouldn't that have to be one of the elements of success? Karsh, yes. Cronny if it ain't.

END

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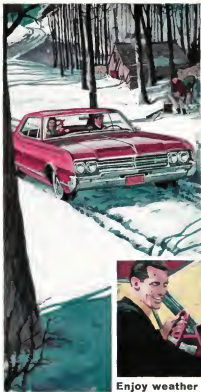
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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

In a week of big games—in Palo Alto, Albuquerque, Peoria and Providence—the biggest was in Lexington, where unbeaten Kentucky met Vanderbilt and the whole SEC hung on the result

GAME OF THE WEEK

Adolph Rupp has three sure assets at Kentucky this year: good ball handling, overall speed and excellent shooting. He does not have much height, by now a normal situation at Lexington, so he worries about disaster on the boards. And he worries about his defense even more. Before the game with Vanderbilt and its 6-foot-9 star, Clyde Lee, Rupp specifically challenged his team to overcome these weaknesses—and they did.

Zone defenses have been used with some success against Vandy, so Kentucky opened with a 1-3-1, Rupp theorizing it would be best to start that way, try for a quick lead and switch to man-for-man if it became necessary. After five minutes Vanderbilt led by five points, and it was necessary. Kentucky called time, went to its man-for-man matchups, and the challenge was on. Thud Jarace, a 6-foot-5 sophomore with five promise, came out against Lee, giving away four inches. But the other starters, all veterans, were supposed to help him, especially in blocking out on the boards. Though it did not show immediately, the switch turned the game to Kentucky.

Scoring behind screens off familiar pat-

terns that depend on precise execution, rebounding and defending aggressively, the Wildcats caught Vandy and led at the half 47-42. Leon Dempster and Pat Riley had 13 baskets between them, mostly from outside, and Lee had been forced to work extra hard for his 16 points and 12 rebounds. The Commodores, playing their fourth game in eight days, looked tired and sluggish. Three minutes into the second half, Jarace picked up his fourth foul. But 6-foot-8 Cliff Berger replaced him and continued the good job on Lee, now visibly weary from overwork. He was not moving so quickly anymore. Vandy was ignoring him and taking bad shots as well. Leading 60-55, Kentucky finally broke it open, outscoring the Commodores 12-2, and won easily, 96-83. Lee got only one basket in the first 10 minutes of the second half, just one rebound in the entire period. Eleven of his 30 points came when the game was out of reach. Kentucky shot 67% in the second half. Dempster and Riley totaled 52 points, and each Wildcat starter had at least 11 points and seven rebounds. Balance is the word at Lexington this year. The Baron has another power.

THE SOUTH 1. DUKE (10-0)
2. KENTUCKY (10-0) 3. VANDERBILT (10-2)

Perhaps they were both looking ahead, but whatever the reason, KENTUCKY and VANDERBILT barely survived earlier in the week. Georgia took Kentucky, a 13-point leader at half time, into double overtime before the Wildcats won 69-65 on sophomore Berger's free throws and Riley's layup. It was scary enough to draw a mild complaint from Coach Rupp. "This team," he said, "just does not have the killer instinct."

Vanderbilt had all kinds of trouble with Tennessee. The Vols' nagging zone defense held Lee to a single field goal and had Vandy beaten 30-22 at the half. Then Kenh Thomas and Jerry Southwood went to work. They shot over the zone, and Vanderbilt managed to eke out a 55-52 victory. That was not Tennessee's only disappointment of the week. Upstart MISSISSIPPI STATE upset the Vols 75-74 in double overtime.

DUKE was turning the ACC race into a runaway. The Blue Devils, after an unex-

pectedly close 87-85 win over Clemson on Steve Vancaduk's slick underhand layup with four seconds to go, recovered their going to trample Maryland 76-61 and Wake Forest 101-81. Meanwhile, Duke's challengers were dropping away. NORTH CAROLINA beat North Carolina State 83-75 and then was upset by VIRGINIA 70-69 when Buddy Reams tapped in a shot in the last seconds. NORTH CAROLINA STATE, however, came back to edge Maryland 60-58 on quick Billy Moffitt's steal and layup in overtime.

There was no stopping DAVIDSON—or more specifically, its star, Dick Snyder—in the Southern Conference. With Snyder firing in 38 points, the Wildcats beat The Citadel 81-77. He got 28 more as Davidson trounced Furman 81-65. WEST VIRGINIA, just about the only other contender left, took East Carolina 98-76 and Penn State 74-64. VIRGINIA TECH, which might have challenged Davidson if it had not quit the Southern Conference to go independent, defeated George Washington 82-75.

WESTERN KENTUCKY, whose partisans cling to the notion that it is the best team in the state, buried Eastern Kentucky 107-88 as Dwight Smith piled up 33 points. "They are as good as I've seen," said Eastern's Jim Baechtold, "and I've seen Kentucky."

THE EAST 1. ST. JOSEPH'S (10-0)
2. PROVIDENCE (10-0) 3. ST. JOHN'S (8-3)

"Missy" Cousy, agonizing in the stands at Providence while her husband's Boston College players were being tantalized by the Friars' slick Jimmy Walker, asked plaintively, "Doesn't he ever miss?" Well, Walker did miss once in a while, but he hit often enough after beautiful dribbles and fakes to score 40 points. And his two free throws at the end of a three-minute Providence freeze beat Bob Cousy's Eagles 79-77 for the second time this year.

ST. JOHN'S new coach, Lou Carnesecca, was saying last week, "Syracuse is like an NBA club. Their coach, Freddy Lewis, just keeps throwing in players—10, 11, 12 of them—and they're all great. Pray for us." Carnesecca must have done some praying of his own. With Syracuse ahead 63-58 and three minutes left, the Orange dislodged the ebullient stall and instead went for baskets. That was a mistake. Pretty soon the Redmen were gripping the edge of Syracuse's scalp. Then Bobby McIntyre swiped an inbound pass from Dave Bag and scored; he added a foul shot and St. John's won 66-65. "We were stupid," growled Lewis.

Some 8,700 fans in Philadelphia's Palestra could hardly believe their eyes last Sunday afternoon. There was Villanova, a Big Five nonentity this year, mauling ST. JOSEPH'S. With six minutes to play, the Wildcats led by nine points, and it looked as if the Hawk was dead. Suddenly St. Joe's came alive. The Hawks pressed, Villanova fumbled and with 1:12 to go the score was tied. In the last second, sub Steve Donches scooped up a loose ball and flung it into the basket 35 feet away to win for St. Joe's 71-69.

Temple was not as lucky earlier in the week. NASHVY scattered its zone with some fiery 30-point shooting by Bill Radcliffe and shocked the Owls 72-50. ARMY won its fourth straight, coming from behind to overtake Fordham 59-53.

The Ivy League settled down to a three-team race. PRINCETON beat Dartmouth 74-62 and Harvard 52-50 on sophomore John Harlow's 45-foot shot at the buzzer. PENN. locked Harvard 86-65 and Dartmouth 87-43 while COLLEGIATE, with 7-foot Dave Newmark and little Stan Fetsinger scoring heavily, defeated independent Fordham 67-66 and Brown 84-50.

THE MIDWEST 1. BRADLEY (14-0)
2. KANSAS (12-2) 3. IOWA (10-2)

Hardly anyone in the Missouri Valley believed that DRACKET, dead last in the confer-

—continued



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

ence and a 12-point loser to Bradley only five nights earlier, could beat the Braves, and in Peoria at that. But the Bulldogs did, 75-66. Drake handled Bradley's 3-1-1 press easily. Harold Jeter, who scored 21 points, and John Hayes monotonously popped in field goals from outside, and the Braves were down. "We didn't do anything differently except put the ball in the basket," said Drake's Maurice John happily.

BRADLEY came back, though, as threeshot Louisville 70-62. The Braves got off to a 12-0 lead, hit 12 of their first 16 shots and held Louisville's Wes Umland to eight points. But Bradley still had plenty to worry about in the tough MVC. TULSA was in first place after edging North Texas State 62-60 and CINCINNATI was coming on fast. Don Relfies threw in 11 straight field goals and 36 points as the Braves smothered independent Dayton 87-79. Cincy looked even better beating St. Louis 81-75.

The Big Ten was full of surprises (page 14), such as Michigan State in first place along with defending champion Michigan, but there was one thing folks could count on: MICHIGAN'S Cazzie Russell was as good as ever. Cazzie threw in 27 points as the Wolves clobbered Indiana 88-68 and then 39 to pull Michigan through against Northwestern 93-86. Illinois, which had been at the top of the heap, too, was tumbled by PURDUE 93-87 as Dave Schellhase scored 38 points.

KANSAS had a highly probable week in the Big Eight. With Walt Wesley scoring 27 points and blocking seven shots, the Jayhawkers trounced Oklahoma 89-68. But Iowa State was tougher. The Cyclones had KANSAS in a 47-47 tie with 2:10 to go, and it took a last-second jump shot by Bob Wilson to beat them 49-47. NEBRASKA had problems with Kansas State. The Wildcats, behind by 20 points, went after the Huskers with a full-court press in the second half and, until they tired, had Nebraska on the run. The Huskers finally won 82-71.

It was like old times for LOUISV. of Chicago. The Ramblers, now 12-1, walloped Western Michigan 117-86. MIAMI of Ohio had a solid lead in the Mid-American Conference after beating Ohio U. 68-56 and Bowling Green 65-63.

THE SOUTHWEST 1 TEXAS WESTERN (12-0) 2 OKLAHOMA CITY (10-0) 3 HOUSTON (10-0)

BAYLOR, which had just beaten Texas 89-74 at Austin for the first time in seven years, was hoping for an upset when TEXAS A&M came to Waco. But the Aggies, still unbeaten in the SWC after putting down Arkansas 75-72, spoiled everything. While Olympic shotputter Randy Mason batted away Baylor shots at one end, his teammates fed Big John Basley at the low post for 43 points and destroyed the Bears 81-60. It was an impressive show, but what really tickled Coach Shelby Metcalf was A&M's help-out man-

to-man defense. "When it's one-on-one you can't stick 'em," he said. "You just gotta have a helping situation. They were real tight. I'm gonna send some raw meat up to their room."

Independent OKLAHOMA CITY outscored North Texas State 92-77 and Air Force 78-71 while working, on the road, trimmed Centenary 108-84 and then upset Tulsa 72-71 on Joe Harwood's 15-foot jump shot with 36 seconds to go.

THE WEST 1 SAN FRANCISCO (10-0) 2 UCLA (10-0) 3 UTAH (10-0)

There were signs last Friday night that UCLA still might be in for a bad time in its league. The Bruins had to go to an unaccustomed stall—Coach Johnny Wooden calls it a "three-man offense"—to hold off scrappy California 75-66 and, sure enough, the next night STANFORD, which had defeated Southern California 73-64, beat the Uclans' zone press. The Indians sent their speedy guards, Art Harris and Gary Petersmyer, driving up the sidelines. Or they simply floated a long pass to big Center Ray Kosarke at mid-court. Harris, a speedy sophomore with a sharp eye for the basket, missed only twice in 12 tries, scoring 25 points, and Stanford won 74-69. So, for the first time in three years, the AAWU had a race. UCLA, Stanford and OREGON STATE, a winner over Washington State 68-52 and Washington 67-59, were all tied for first.

Loyola of Los Angeles and SAN FRANCISCO were in a 14-14 tie when Loyola Coach John Armit, cautiously, switched from a man-to-man defense to a zone. That finished Loyola. The Dons quickly ran off 11 points and went on to win 97-86. Then they vanquished Pepperdine 100-59. INDIAN also went twice, over San Jose State 71-57 and Santa Barbara 83-65.

It was the toriose and the hare all over again when deliberate SIU MINO and free-wheeling Brigham Young got together in Albuquerque. And again the potent toriose won out. Attacking carefully and setting up 6-foot-9 Mel Daniels for 19 points, New Mexico led 36-28 at half. Brigham Young came back, pressing and running. The Cougars surrounded Daniels in the pivot, and he got only two more field goals. But the Lobos hung on to win 81-78.

Then along came UTAH. The Utes had squandered past Wyoming 93-91 in overtime in Laraine, and they wanted the Western A&M lead. They had New Mexico down by eight points at half time, when the Lobos suddenly lost Daniels. On the way to the dressing room he accidentally shoved his right arm through a pane of glass, lacerating it in several places and cutting his forehead. Daniels went off to the hospital, and the Utes won 57-55 on Richard Tate's basket. Brigham Young lost again, too, to WYOMING, 107-101.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

VERDICT

Sirs:

After reading John Underwood's story on college football last fall (*The College Game Is Best*, Sept. 20), I decided to compare college football with pro football this year. My decision: college football by a mile.

Watching Tommy Prothro's gutsy little UCLA Bruins win game after game, even though they were the underdogs all the time, and seeing Heisman Trophy Winner Mike Garrett's fabulous runs have given me some of my greatest football thrills of all time.

Two of the most exciting games I have ever seen were the UCLA-USC game and the Rose Bowl, where the Bruins beat the No. 1 team in the nation. In fact, all the bowl games were very good, while the NFL and AFL championship games were two of the dullest I had ever seen.

From now on college football is my cup of split T.

BILL WEST

Los Angeles

EMPTY BOWL

Sirs:

What was the big idea of not including the Sugar Bowl game in your January 10 reviews? This was one of the most exciting of all the bowl games. Steve Spurrier sat on an aerial circus that any football or nonfootball fan would have enjoyed. Charley Casey's catch in the end zone in the fourth quarter was the most spectacular I have ever seen.

MARY JO BAILY

New Orleans

Sirs:

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned—or a rational plaintiff president who finds his school (Missouri) in a major bowl that is pointedly passed over by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. I shall have nothing but contempt for your stuffy book from here to eternity.

MARVIN D. MCQUEEN

St. Louis

Sirs:

Being a 32nd Degree "Bama Fan, I devoured your choice article on the Orange Bowl. However, if I were a Missouri or Florida fan, I would have mailed you a package containing a bowl filled with sugar (complete with art colony) with the caption, "Didn't you forget something?"

C. RUSSELL FARMER JR.

Pensacola, Fla.

Sirs:

I wish to congratulate you on your splendid and colorful coverage of the major bowl games. There seemed to be a lot of static in the air around the New Orleans area concern-

ing your lack of coverage of the Sugar Bowl game, but I say, when New Orleans is able to land two teams of national prominence and with something to stake, such as the national title, then, and only then, will they deserve equal coverage in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

J. L. SOMMERSON

New Orleans

FORDY FIRST

Sirs:

What a wonderful article on Fordy Anderson (*Tradition Spreads in a Cornfield*, Jan. 10)! It is a pleasure to learn that he has found a spot at the new Hiram Scott College. No man is better qualified to do credit both to the college and to himself.

You did allude to Coach Anderson's basketball ability by saying he could dribble down the court and challenge his players to take the ball away from him, but it was disappointing not to find a single reference to the school at which he achieved basketball stardom and received his education—Stanford University.

J. DONALD MCCREADY

Leominster, Mass.

Sirs:

Your article about the new Hiram Scott College on the outskirts of Scottsbluff, Neb. was very good. But I (and my fellow students) felt hurt. We also attend a new college, Midwestern College in Denison, Iowa. We have had an undefeated football team in our first season, and we have a very good basketball team. Come see us when we play Hiram Scott and judge for yourselves which school should have been written up first.

WILLIAM MCGINNIS

Denison, Iowa

Sirs:

From one of a great many basketball fans who would rather sit in on a Fordy Anderson-coached team's losing effort than watch some other team in victory, sincere thanks to you and writer Gerald Holland for *Tradition Spreads in a Cornfield*.

I still will travel to East Lansing for each Spartan home game, but my heart is now beside the sandy Platte.

MAX E. BELLE

Grand Rapids

FALCONRY

Sirs:

Are all your basketball writers graduates of St. Joseph's (*The Hawk Is a Mighty Hunter*, Jan. 10)? There must be some rational explanation for their preoccupation with the Hawks. St. Joe's probably could beat the Celtics in the Palestra, but they have consistently displayed their mediocrity outside

of it. Why don't you look to the South, where the top three teams in America are playing ball?

RICHARD JEWELL

Nashville

Sirs:

With so many "poverty games" with teams like Penn, the Hawks naturally rate much better than a team like Duke, which only beat weaklings like UCLA, Michigan and North Carolina.

CURIS A. CURRISON

Clearwater, Fla.

Sirs:

The Hawk may be a mighty hunter in the Palestra where panic and bedlam prevail, but in Provo, Utah, Laramie, Wyoming or Providence the Hawk is a dead duck.

PAUL E. FLANAGAN

Rumford, R.I.

Sirs:

I'm glad to see that one of your writers knows where the hotbed of basketball is. The article by Frank Deford was sensational! The Hawks will fly high for many years.

JOE BOGGS

Phoenixville, Pa.

Sirs:

I rank Deford says Charlie Weisner, the St. Joseph's Hawk, is called Cholly because "everybody in Philadelphia says Cholly for Charlie." Why is it that every time your writers want to be cute about the way Philadelphians pronounce words they listen to someone about a week removed from The Bronx or Brooklyn?

You can tell Deford that I work in an office with four Charlies. I listened carefully. No one calls them Cholly. I asked eight people to listen for Cholly during their lunch hours and on the street. No one has heard a Cholly yet.

JAMES F. CONNOR JR.

Philadelphia

CAPITAL GAINS

Sirs:

Now that it's over, I think that the year 1965 has definitely proved the validity of southern California's claim to be sports capital of the U.S. Let's see what happened.

In basketball—the UCLA Bruins (Goodrich, Erickson) won their second straight national title in 1964-65, and the 1965-66 Bruins are also serious contenders for the national crown, the 1964-65 Lakers (West, Baylor) finished the second best team in the NBA, while the 1965-66 Lakers are already pulling away from the rest of the Western Division.

continued

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In football: two southern California teams, UCLA and USC (Garrett), were nationally ranked; the San Diego Chargers made it again to the championship game of the AFL.

In baseball: the Dodgers (Witt, Drysdale, Koufax) proved supreme.

In tennis: the UCLA team (Ayie, Crockett), the best doubles team in U.S. history, won the national intercollegiate title going away.

In track: meets throughout the country had many athletes from southern California winning events; a southern California high school, Long Beach Polytechnic, had the best team in the nation.

In many other sports, such as swimming, gymnastics, sailing, etc., southern California was indeed well represented. No other area can claim so many excellent athletes.

Jim Convey

Long Beach, Calif.

CUTTING COURTESY

Sirs:

Hold it! Hold it! George Plimpton's article on the warring of Tackle Mike Budra by the Grants was well written and sympathetically handled (*Butt* 10/10). Mr. Coach? Dec. 13). I would enter, however, a small disclaimer in relation to the statement that the Buffalo Bills once "cut a player by having the equipment manager clear out his locker."

Never in the history of the Bills has a player been waived without the courtesy of a personal meeting with either the head coach—Buster Ramsey or Lou Saban—or the director of player personnel, Harvey Johnson.

CHUCK BERR
Assistant General Manager

Buffalo

THE OTHER SIDE

Sirs:

After reading the article entitled "Revels" in your December 20 *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* section, I realized that you were taking sides with the fishing sportsman as opposed to the water skier. Since your magazine is directed toward the sports-minded reader, I think you should have evaluated the facts in this particular case a little better. You state that I "buzzed" Mr. Weber's dock and imply that Mr. Weber was justified in striking back by casting a "hookless dummy plug" around my waist. This was not the case at all. First of all I didn't buzz Mr. Weber's dock. Witnesses stated I was approximately 75 feet from the dock. Hardly buzzing distance. Mr. Weber proceeded to throw out the fishing line (75-pound test) without any previous signal that we were bothering him. The line left an 18-inch scar across my waist. Directly after the incident I swam back to the dock to apologize for breaking his deep-sea fish-

ing line. It was then that Mr. Weber stated that this was an intentional act to commit bodily harm. This conversation and my apology were also witnessed.

Although I understand the problems between skiers and fishermen, this mishap is not one of them. Mr. Weber used the tools of a fisherman only in anger. If sking 75 feet from Mr. Weber's dock had in some way annoyed him, he could have signaled us in a reasonable manner and we would have left. I am sure that if you will review the facts you will realize that the incident involved not a fisherman and a skier but a skier and a man with a potentially dangerous weapon.

PHIL LUNDEN

Clearwater, Fla.

LACINOPE

Sirs:

As a paying football fan I feel entitled to put in my 2¢ worth even though it probably won't go very far in this age of the half-million-dollar contract. These big bonus contracts come out of the fans' pockets. Besides paying at the turnstiles, we pay a little at a time to the bighearted TV sponsors who charge us a penny here and a penny there for our razor blades, beer, tires and what have you. Soon the inevitable rocket increases will be upon us.

For what? Can one of these unproved rookies provide more thrills and excitement than a Larry Wilson playing with two broken hands or a John Unitas, Lenny Moore, Fuzzy Thurston, Ken Gray, Tommy McDonald, Pete Retzlaff, etc.? I doubt it. If these rookies won't play for less I'd prefer to watch the old men like Jim Taylor, Bart Starr and Paul Hornung and save the money. Besides, these "no-cut" contracts will ruin the game, not improve it. Can you imagine a rookie middle guard coming to camp 20 pounds overweight and not having to hustle to make the team? Even All-Pro has to fight to retain their positions, and that's why the 40 survivors are the "best."

The owners, I guess, are investing these large sums of money to fill the stands each Sunday. If that's all they are worried about I have a suggestion: The next time they have \$350,000 to throw away on a rookie, they ought to spend it instead on the fans. Take \$5,000 a week and offer it as an attendance prize. With seven home games a year the money would last 10 years (even without collecting interest).

I'm sure that once the bonus offers were eliminated, we'd find Donny Anderson, Tommy Nobis, Carl McAdams, Jim Grabowski and company would be very happy to play for a mere \$25,000 or \$30,000 a year—providing, of course that they could make the team.

MILTON J. BRADSHAW

East St. Louis, Ill.

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